FOURTH SECTION

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MAGAZINE FEATURES

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Great Britain and the Dominions Overseas

SPEND YEARLY $60,000,000 ON SILK HOSE

Lord Mayor's Luncheon Was Told That Women Spend Million Pounds a Month on Stockings

ONE WORM DOES FOUR SHEEPS' WORK

Prince of Wales' Propaganda Found to Exercise Potent Interest in Foreign Indents for Hose

THE Lord Mayor, at a luncheon following the opening of the display in London, proposed the toast of "The Drapery, Textile and Women's Wear Exhibition."

Mr. Warren, who responded, said that today one had to cater for a new type of woman, one who took an intelligent and active interest in the life of the community. Mr. Philip Snowdon the other day remarked that a few years ago it took four sheep to clothe one woman. Now one silkworm could do it. (Laughter.) Such were some of the changes. Mr. Douglas Hacking, secretary to the Department of Overseas Trade, had deplored the fact that women spent in this country £12,000,000 a year on silk stockings. He hoped they would spend more. They might all economize on clothes, but what a dreadful outlook this would mean for trade. The world, too, would be a dreary desert if women gave up wearing silk stockings. They were the romance of our existence and helped to overcome the ugliness of our streets.

As bearing on the subject of silk hosiery the following incident reported in The Times will no doubt prove interesting:

Mr. C. McCord Trendall, sales manager of Cerebos, Limited, at a meeting of the Incorporated Sales Managers' Association at the Quadrant Restaurant, Regent Street, said that only that morning his train companion coming up to the city had told him of a £20,000 hosiery order received by his firm from the Argentine. The order was accompanied by a note to the effect that the Prince of Wales' propaganda on behalf of British manufacturers—particularly textiles—when in that country was responsible for the indent coming to Britain.

WAS DESCENDANT OF CONSTANTINE I

Tomb of Last of Paleologos Line of Eastern Empire Found on Barbados Island

The tomb of the last descendant of Constantine and scion of the emperors of Byzantium has been discovered in an old cemetery about fourteen miles from the little seaport of Bridgetown, Barbados. The tomb bears a resemblance to the porch of a Greek temple. The inscription reads as follows: "Here lyeth ye body of Ferdinando Paleologos, descended from ye Imperial Line of ye last Christian Emperors of Greece, churchwarden of this parish, 1655-1656. Died October 3, 1676." At the time of the death of this Greek notable the island of Barbados had been settled by the British for only a little more than seventy years. A mystery remains in how so distinguished a Greek as Paleologos found his way into this faraway British colony and why he became warden of this small parish in the interior.

SOCIALIST PLAN FAILS

Co-operative Mining Scheme in Tasmania Abandoned by Men as Unsatisfactory

Hailed as "the first step in the socialization of industry" in Australia, the co-operative working of the Catamaran Coal Mine, in Tasmania, has broken down. The enterprise started in 1927, when the company decided to close the mine because it would not pay. After negotiations with the union the company made a two-year agreement with the men to hand over the mine to them and pay them an agreed rate a ton for all coal produced. The men will not renew the contract.

ASK SUNDAY THEATRES

Complaint Made by London Proprietors of Discrimination in Favor of Movies

Sunday opening is demanded by the London theatres, with a possibility of closing on Mondays. The theatres complain of unfairness because cinemas are allowed to open and are attended by 400,000 people in London each Sunday. The theatre managers go so far as to threaten to prosecute cinemas under the Sunday Observance Act, a dead-letter law that prohibits Sunday entertainments. It is suggested that action should be taken by the London County Council, acting in concert with the Lord Chamberlain.

MISSIONS CELEBRATE

Ceremonies Mark Anniversary of Society for Promotion of Christian Knowledge

At the picturesque thirteenth century parish church of Sheldon, in the heart of rural Warwickshire, there was celebrated recently the founding, more than 200 years ago, of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. The little village has a more than common interest in this world-wide organization, which is the forerunner of that other and possibly better known body, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, because the originator of the movement, the famous Dr. Bray, was rector of Sheldon from 1690 to 1706. It was, therefore, the birthplace of the movement, a fact which seems to have been overlooked until the present rector, the Rev. R. R. Raymer, sought to get it recognized. The recent celebrations were the result.

£700,000 Derby Fund

There was again a brisk demand for tickets for the Derby Mutual Subscription Fund organized by members of the London Stock Exchange. On the closing day some £50,000 worth of tickets had been sold. Altogether £200,000 of tickets in the second series of £500,000 had been sold in two days.

PEERAGES FOR WOMEN URGED

Freedom League of British Females Ask Bestowal of Higher Honors Equally on Both Sexes of Nation

SUGGEST PLANK IN NEW PLATFORM

Peerages for deserving united women is one of the planks suggested for British women voters' platforms, as the time for the general election approaches. The proposition is designed to aid the removal of barriers which keep the sex from seats in the House of Lords.

Regardless of party, women are united in several broad equalization issues. Warning of this fact has only recently been renewed by the widespread protests from women's organizations against what they contend is discrimination against women in awarding the higher honors of the New Year's list. Although sixty-one women—an unprecedented number—received honors for distinguished service, none was given a peerage or one of the other high honor.

The Women's Freedom League, of which Mrs. Pethick Lawrence is president, has passed the following resolution:

"While the committee is gratified to see that there many women's names in the recent honors list, it notes that no peerages have been conferred on women and urges that all honors, the higher as well as the lower, shall be conferred on women equally with men for distinguished service."

Political observers are awaiting with interest the discussion of Viscount Astor's bill to permit peeresses in their own right to enter the House of Lords. This was defeated last year, but may again be debated.

ANCIENT COLONY'S IDLE

Newfoundland Investigates Unemployment to Find Causes and Remedy

The Government of Newfoundland has decided to appoint an economic commission to consider the question of unemployment, its causes and remedies, and the question of relief work generally. The matter has been definitely decided, and the appointments await only the formal approval of the Governor, Right Hon. Sir William Lloyd, Registrar of the Supreme Court; Sir P. T. McGrath, president of the Legislative Council, and Charles Hutchings, Inspector-General of Constabulary, have agreed to act on the commission.

MUCH IN LITTLE

Compendiousness of Modern Woman's Dress Startles London Police Magistrate

Surprise was expressed by Mr. Ronald Powell, the West London magistrate, when Detective Pick, producing a cardboard box, twelve inches square, stated that it contained forty-three women's dresses.

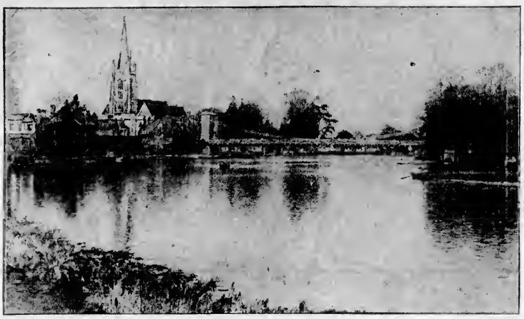
Mr. Powell—What? Forty-three dresses in that box?

Detective Pick (smiling)—Yes, sir. The box was an exhibit in a charge of shop breaking. All the stock, consisting of 119 dresses, had been removed from show cases and pegs in the front shop to a room at the back, where it was found packed ready to be taken away.

Smallest Rainfall

During the first three months of this year the rainfall had been only 2.15 inches, as gauged in the Thames Valley, is the report of the conservancy body. That was the lowest fall ever recorded for the first three months of the year. The next lowest was in 1892, when the fall was 2.90 inches. The British standard average for the period was 6.45 inches, so that there was a shortage of over 4½ inches for the three months.

Typical English Countryside: Scene at Marlow



A view of the pretty little Thames village and its suspension bridge, familiar to generations of lovers of the "river." A proposal for the rebuilding of the bridge, which was constructed in 1835 and is now declared to be inadequate to modern traffic requirements, has been considered by the local authority, but the suggestion for an entirely new structure has met with strong opposition.

STRAW BALLOT CLOSES

376,000 Votes Cast in Dummy Contest Give Conservatives Majority of 16,074 Over Socialists

Altogether 376,000 women cast their ballot in the flapper "straw vote" conducted by a leading London newspaper, the final results of which are: Conservatives, 147,000 vote; Socialists, 130,926 votes; Liberals, 98,774 votes. It will be seen from the above figures that the Conservatives have obtained a majority of 16,074 votes over the Socialists and of 48,226 over the Liberals. Thus Socialist expectations a few weeks ago that they would overtake the Conservatives in the ballot have not been realized. Figures show that the ballot has been a remarkable success. When 5,000,000 women became enfranchised, what they thought about politics was a popular topic of discussion.

Trade With U.S.

England imported the greatest number of American-built marine engines and motorboats for the month of January, according to figures just released by the Department of Commerce. Canada followed the United Kingdom in volume. Soviet Russia in Asia was third and Australia was fourth.

WORKERS SHOULD HAVE FREE LAND

Colonel Wedgewood, M.P., Stresses Britain's Need of Peasantry Working for Themselves

Colonel Wedgwood, M.P., speaking at Hanley recently, said, with reference to the Holland by-election, according to The Times, that the fact was that Labor could never hope to please the large farmer or to get his vote. Labor should turn to the farm worker, who wanted land more than wages boards, and independence rather than industrialization and bureaucratic control. With "three acres and a cow" the farm worker knew that he could stand up to and bargain on equal terms with his employer. England needed a free peasantry, working for themselves, as in Denmark or Norway. There were no agricultural laborers in America. The town worker, too, wanted to be able to bargain on equal terms with his employer. So long as there were thousands of unemployed in each trade, the wage-earner could not bargain. His freedom depended on the abolition of compulsory unemployment — his nightmare. The fear of unemployment was the beginning of wage-slavery. All work must begin by the application of labor to land. If they wanted more such work they must make it easier to get at the land. The winning of economic freedom was their task today. That economic freedom, both for the town and the rural worker, depended on getting free land.

CRIME ON INCREASE

Alarming Report as to Number of Cases of Wounding Made for England and Wales

The criminal statistics for England and Wales in 1927 are not reassuring. Excepting 1926, when conditions were abnormal owing to the unrest caused by the general strike, there were more crimes reported in 1927 than in any year since 1906, and it is disconcerting to find that the main increase was in the category of offences against the person. There was, we are told, an alarming increase in cases of malicious wounding. There remain the indisputable facts that the nation is becoming less instead of more law-abiding, and that the character of the offences committed is more rather than less serious. —Morning Post.

VISITING CARD HAS ADVENTURE

Bewildered New Yorker Receives One of Own Pasteboards Found Sticking to Fish in North Sea

PRINTING PROVED FOUR YEARS OLD

Up from the bottom of the North Sea an English fisherman recently hauled a fish which presented him with the business card of Louis Weickum, of New York, publicity director for the Hamburg-American Line. Mr. Weickum recently received a letter from the fisherman, who enclosed the card he had found sticking to the back of the fish.

The card, by announcing Mr. Weickum to be an employee of the United States Lines, proves itself to be at least four years old. There is an indecipherable memorandum written on the card in what Mr. Weickum believes to be his own handwriting. He does not think the card could have been in the water for four years, but he is puzzled to know how it got into the North Sea at all.

The letter explaining the card's discovery reads:

"Enclosed I am forwarding you a card and how I came by it. I am skipper of the Lowestoft steam trawler Encore LT929, and was trawling in the North Sea on March 27, 1929, about ten miles northwest from Terschilling light vessel. After hauling our trawl and sorting the fish from the scruff, I discovered the card sticking to the back of a fish. As it is rather remarkable for us to get anything like that in the trawl from the bottom of the sea, I am naturally very interested, for I have on record a similar incident which happened to me, in 1916, through which the mystery of a missing steamer and all hands was solved.

"So, sir, shall I be asking too much of you to kindly inform me if it is of value to you, although, of course, it may possibly have been dropped overboard from a passing steamer, but I should appreciate it very much if you could possibly spare the time to send me a few lines and let me know if the card is of any interest to you.

"Hoping I am not intruding on your valuable time, I am, sir, yours truly,

"J. P. GAMBLE."

NEW BOND STREET

Many Famous Landmarks in London Shopping Centre to Make Way in Modernization

New Bond Street, frequently called the most exclusive shopping street in the world, is soon to suffer the fate of other famous landmarks in "changing London." Plans for its modernization are about to be carried out which will transform its familiar Old World appearance. Five fine old Georgian buildings will be demolished soon to make way for a modern six-story building for shops and showrooms, at a cost of $750,000. This is said to be the first step in a scheme to bring Bond Street up to date, in line with the wholesale transformation of Regent Street several years ago.

National Art Fund

The National Arts Collection Fund in its twenty-five years of existence has raised $1,230,000 to keep art treasures in British galleries. It paid $360,000 for Holbein's "Duchess of Milan," $300,000 for Mabuse's "Adoration of the Magi" and $220,000 for the Rokeby "Venus."

EYE SURGERY MARVELS

Wonderful Treatment at London Hospital Has Given Sight to Babes Born Blind

Some amazing cures of illnesses, believed originally to be due to eye trouble, have recently been recorded in London. Even children born blind have been given sight.

"It frequently happens that a patient comes to us with an eye trouble due entirely to high blood pressure or general poisoning of the system," said a member of the Royal Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital staff to a newspaperman recently.

"On reports received from specialists certain treatments are recommended, not for the eyes, but for other organs of the body responsible for the infection.

"If the treatment is successful, the patient is healed of a hidden, often unsuspected, disease or condition, and at once the eyesight, for which he came to be treated, is restored to normal."

Happy Darby and Joan

That they have never had a quarrel during their fifty years of married life is the boast of Mr. and Mrs. William Davy, of Low Toynton, Horncastle (Lincs), who have celebrated their golden wedding.

BURMA PROVINCE SEEKS SEPARATION

Legislature Council Passes Resolution Asking for Severance of Tie With India

Burma could develop more rapidly had it more roads and railways and improved Agricultural and Veterinary Departments. In these and many other respects that part of the Empire is far behind smaller and far less important provinces in India, and it is this neglect of the Province's interests that has given rise to the demand for separation from India. Of late that demand has become insistent; and in the Legislative Council recently a resolution favoring separation was carried, with only one dissentient vote, and that an Indian's. Apart from century-old neglect a favorite argument of the Separationists is that in race, religion, ideals, and standards of living the Burmese people are the opposites of Indians. As a general rule the Burman never leaves his country to serve in India, and he objects to Indians, officials or others, coming to serve in Burma. He protests that his race is being wiped out by the inflow of Chinese from the east and Indians from the west. He thinks that if Burma had separation combined with Dominion status, he could put an end to it. He has no expectations of a square deal from India, for his representation in the Indian Legislative Assembly is powerless in the face of the army of representatives from all the provinces of India.

PENGUINS AND WHALE

New Departure to Be Made in Forthcoming Issue of Postage Stamps for Falkland Islands

The latest British Colony to abandon the stereotyped head of the Sovereign in favor of a quasi-pictorial design for its postage stamps is that of the Falkland Islands. A new series now in course of preparation by the Government contractors in London incorporates, in addition to an ornamental vignette of the King, characteristic representations of penguins and a whale, the colony being an important centre for the whaling industry. The inscriptions read "Falkland Islands" at the top and "Postage and Revenue" at the foot, with the value on either side directly below the Royal portrait.

'YARD' AGENTS POST SOVIETS

London Paper Declares Officers of Famous Detective Department Compromised With Communism

ARMY MOVEMENTS DISCLOSED TO SPIES

The suggestion that Scotland Yard's latest housecleaning came because British troop movements were being communicated to Soviet agents has been made in The Weekly Dispatch.

This London newspaper asserts that for some time past Bolshevik propaganda in Great Britain has been concentrated on specific regiments and that "paid agents of Moscow have waited outside the barracks gates in the big cities of this country in an endeavor to sow seeds of discord in the ranks of the British army.".

The additional charge is made that some time ago the assistance of Scotland Yard's special branch was sought by the War Office, but that whenever regiments were ordered to move out of one area into another the news was "communicated to the Bolshevik agents with the most amazing promptitude."

Finally, according to The Weekly Dispatch, certain young detectives were called upon to watch their official superiors, with the result that two special branch officers were suspended on the charge that contrery to orders they had frequently associated with foreign agents and Communists, it being added that "it is rumored that more than one of the special branch officers are naturalized aliens and that others who are native-born British subjects have strong relations abroad by marriage ties."

"VOLUNTARY CLERGY"

Anglicans to Consider Proposal to Organize New Order Who Will Follow Secular Avocation

The Church of England is at last to consider seriously the ordination of "voluntary clergy" who, while licenced to officiate at religious services and even to celebrate Holy Communion, will follow their ordinary secular associations. Such a departure was urged when churchmen here some years ago raised considerable sums of money for work in the outlaying portions of the Dominions, notably in Western Canada. Now it seems the shortage of clergy in this country makes consideration of the subject urgent. So far, the movement is from the lower ranks of the clergy and laity, although several diocesan bishops have expressed a sympathetic interest in it. It is expected the matter will be discussed fully at the Lambeth conference of Anglican bishops from all over the world, which is to be held next Summer.

SUPPLY TROUGHS

Australian Leaves $350,000 for Benefit of Equine Friends the World Over

If your old home towns needs a horse trough, one may be obtained from Australia. Recently George Bill, Australian merchant, left through the Sydney Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals $350,000 for "the establishment of horse troughs wheresoever they are needed through the world." Applications have been rolling in by the hundreds, but there are still funds left for more horse troughs.

ANARCHISM REACTS

Entire Indian Press Condemns Recent Terrorist Outrage in Legislative Chamber

Although the hand of anarchistic assassins again appeared as a shadow beclouding India's political panorama, there does not seem to be any room to believe that Soviet intrigues have at last struck oil. Through an entire cross-section of the Indian press, representing all shades of Hindu political opinion, there is not a single instance of approval of the bomb outrage in the National Assembly chamber. Even the most radical leaders agree that the explosive endeavor of adherents of the extreme Left Wing only injured the cause of Indian nationalism, which believes in hortatory rather than in nihilistic methods. Everywhere, both in India and in England, there is a well marked tendency to deplore the terroristic measures of the extreme sections of Hindu political life. For instance, the Calcutta Amrita Bazaar Patrika says the bomb throwers have done a great disservice to the Nationalist cause.

TAX'S REPEAL MEANS MUCH

Impost on Tea, Recently Lifted in England, Caused Boston "Tea Party" and Loss of Colonies

REDUCES TAXES BY $30,000,000 YEARLY

When Winston Churchill as Chancellor of the Exchequer announced to an astonished and much overtaxed populace that the impost on tea would be repealed forthwith, thereby saving the taxpayer $30,000,000 annually, the ghosts of Pitt, Townshend, North and Burke, to mention but a few, must have thought some strong things about the futility of history. And the shades of those Bostonians who so successfully, if not very politely, gave their famous tea party must have looked benignly on the successors of those former Conservatives who today are giving another kind of a tea party.

As the English have been renowned as tea drinkers for something close on two centuries, it seems strange that a tax on their cherished beverage should have gone so long unchallenged. But the average Englishman, whether from the soporific effects of drinking strong tea or not has remained, ever since the first English king began to think of new ways to increase the royal revenue, strangely indifferent to paying a tax that led indirectly to the loss of their richest colony. Perhaps, and it is more than probable, that the same average Englishman has long been unaware that there ever was a tax on tea.

Yet, tea, in more ways than one, has played a great role in English affairs, and is still playing it. Aside from such historical events as the Boston Tea Party in which, it must be confessed, Englishmen were made to sell their birthright for a brew of tea, tea drinking, at once a stimulant and a diversion, has entered far more deeply into the national life.

ROADS' DEATH TOLL

Fatal Accidents in Britain in Twelve Months Number 5,480

Three thousand persons were killed or injured every week during last year in the streets of England and Wales. This fact is revealed in a return of street accidents just published. The actual number of fatal accidents in England and Wales was 5,353. In some cases more than one person was killed, the total deaths being 5,480. There were 129,199 non-fatal accidents, involving injury to 150,535 people.

In Scotland there were 625 fatal and 12,405 non-fatal accidents, resulting in 649 deaths and 14,308 cases of injury.

In the case of deaths the increase for Great Britain is 809, or more than two per day. Compared with 1927, the number of injured shows an increase of 16,263, or more than forty-four per day.

Among mechanically propelled vehicles, private cars and taxicabs were responsible for 1,864 deaths, while motor vans, lorries, etc., were responsible for 1,164 deaths.

Motor cycles caused 1,503 deaths. Strangely enough, there were only 488 deaths with pillion riders were concerned, as against 805 deaths in which no one was riding on the pillion. In addition, there were 216 deaths resulting from accidents to motor cycles with sidecars.

The figure of 787 for motor omnibuses and motor coaches shows an increase of 144 over the last figure.

Petitioning wives outnumber husbands by almost three to one in the list of divorce cases heard during the Easter term in London. The total number of matrimonial causes is 721, of which 511 are undefended. This is an increase compared with the previous term. The King's Proctor is intervening in nine suits.

The annual pilgrimage to Hughenden took place on Primrose Day by invitation of Major and Mrs. Coningsby Disraeli. The party proceeded by motor coach to Hughenden on the morning of April 19 under the auspices of the Primrose League.

WILY HINDU NON-CO-OPTS AND ALSO HOW

Henry Cabot Lodge Refuses Reputed Claim of Ghandi to Invention of Indian's Constitutional Reaction

VISITS BOMBAY AND TELLS EXPERIENCE

How Native Taxi Drivers Bedevil White Patrons and How Big Texan Secured Respect for His Car

WRITING from Bombay to The New York Herald Tribune, United States Senator Henry Cabot Lodge has the following to say concerning Indian "non-co-operation":

The casual traveler in India doubts whether Gandhi is really the man who started and introduced the "non-co-operation movement," because the Indians "non-co-operate" with so much grace and natural facility that it seems that they must have always known how to do it.

Take taxi drivers, for instance, in Bombay. You come out of a shop in the glare of the afternoon. The sun beats down; you could probably fry an egg on the sidewalk. Way across the broad street is a row of taxis. The street is naturally broad, but it looks broader still in the sun. You wave to one of the taxis to come over. Nothing happens. You whistle. Nothing happens. They hear you plainly enough, but they want to put you to the trouble of walking across the street in the heat. They are "non-co-operating" with you, although co-operating very tightly among themselves. One lively taxi-driver with a taste for competition could stop that sort of thing, but I don't believe such a creature exists in all India. If you see another taxi coming toward you on your side of the street and start hailing that one, you will hear the assembled drivers across the way speak to him, saying, I suppose, "We're trying to make this white devil walk across the street. Don't you spoil our game."

Another street scene shows their capacity for irritating the white man by conscientiously doing nothing. The Hindus walk slowly in the streets of Bombay in groups of twos or threes. They will never get out of the way of a motor car, so the chauffeur has to blow his horn incessantly, which irritates the white man exceedingly, and he has to slow down all the time, which irritates him even more. They stay in front of an approaching car, knowing perfectly well that the car will swerve out rather than strike them. The whole thing is a great success from their standpoint.

There was an American in Bombay representing an automobile company. He was from Texas. He was large and powerful and short of temper. He drove his own car and had not been there long when this trick of the Hindus put him into paroxysms of rage. But he was not to be outdone, for he knew one trick worth two of theirs. He would drive down a principal thoroughfare and at the first couple of slow-walking Hindus he met he would slow down. As he approached them he would lean his rangey frame toward them and strike them on the side of the head with his capacious square hand. He would then drive on. It was not long before the natives of Bombay recognized his car. When they once did he had no more trouble with "non-co-operators" blocking his path.

It is much easier for the Hindu to non-co-operate than to co-operate. The corridors of the hotels in India are full of men lying on the floor asleep. They, too, are "non-co-operators." They have either washed their two square feet of the floor or cleaned half a shoe or done their five minutes' work for the day. No one seems to work much longer than that. The rest of the time they sleep and "non-co-operate," as anyone who tries to get a bell answered will realize. No, Gandhi could not have introduced non-co-operation into India; there is too much natural aptitude for it there already.

NOVELISTS' RATINGS

Contestants Decide on Six British Writers Whose Works Will Survive One Century

What six living British novelists are most likely to be read in the year 2029? The answer of the majority, as elicited by a contest in the columns of The Manchester Guardian, was for Galsworthy, Wells, Bennett, Kipling, Barrie, Walpole. Judges of the contest, notwithstanding, awarded first prize to this list: Wells, Bennett, George Moore, Galsworthy, Miss Kaye-Smith and R. H. Mottram, and second prize to a list that differed only in displacing Moore with Kipling. In the votes George Bernard Shaw ranked next to Moore and had thirty-one more votes than Mottram. Among those appeared on only one list were Ethel M. Dell, P. G. Wodehouse, Leonard Merrick and W. B. Maxwell.

THE WAGER

By
ISA URQUHART GLENN

"KIRWIN, you'll find rain in hell as soon as you will see a straight girl in a dance hall in Manila! Don't wax sentimental over a pretty blonde, out here, until you know the circumstances which landed the lady among the half-breeds. I'll wager that girl is as tough as they make 'em in even this off country."

This from young Angier.

"I'll take you! There's something in her face that one can tie to. Call her over at the end of this dance, and let's settle it. Long wait ahead of us, anyway, until Mayhew shows up. He won't be in a hurry, with this deluge Been roughing it sufficiently; he'll be taking it easy while he's in town." Kirwin's older and somewhat graver face was turned toward the dancing couples. He stared at them from underneath beetling brows, dispassionately appraising the girl whom they were discussing.

"Ever find out why Mayhew is in the islands?" asked Angier idly "Secretive cuss! Acts like a Secret Service bird, prowling about unlikely places, such as this joint in which he arranged to meet us tonight."

"Job brought him. That's straight enough. But I see what you mean. He does seem to be looking for something outside the job. Now, as to that bet——"

Seriously they arranged the terms of the wager. In the byways of the world, trifles are serious when big things are not happening.

"Two to one——"

It was young Angier who plunged the deepest. He was at the age when a man is sure that he knows the woman game

"It will be the same old tale, he said. "Men! One man; then two men; then a few more —and the streets."

It rained—as if a gigantic bucket of water were being emptied from the clouds that lowered over the city.



And the next thing I knew a white man had come across the room and lifted that coon by the scuff of his neck and thrown him in a corner.

Roof Reverberates

THE tin roof reverberated under the bombardment of the rain. The wind hit the building, which vibrated. A breath of damp, cool air blew into the crowded dance hall. The dancers paused, for an instant taken aback by the fury of the storm.

At a table near the dancing floor sat the two officers who had made the bet. They waited for their white uniforms to dry out from the storm that had caught them unprepared. Amusement showed in their sunburnt faces as they watched the many odd variations of the great American dance. The dancers circled past their table, the mestizos throwing out their feet with waving motions inherited from the Spanish habaneras, the full-blood natives flopping carelessly along in heelless chinelas which necessitated exaggerated glides, the Chinamen shuffling. Dancing with these assorted breeds were girls as unmistakably Caucasian as their partners were Oriental.

Angier grinned.

"Watch your pure and very blonde lady leering up at that greasy old chino! Young for it, too. Now you, Kirwin—you never believe wrong of a pretty woman, though you agree about the shortcomings of the ugly ones. But you are wrong, old top! Sin overtakes the fair, not the unlovely. Look at that girl's dress. Disreputable! What decent woman would show all of her naked shoulders and most of her back to this crowd? Do you suppose that the chino dancing with her thinks she is decent? Not on your life he doesn't! His decent women swathe themselves in stiff brocades and padded coats."

"So do his indecent ones. Stick to facts."

Tawdry Skirts

THE music stopped. The dancers separated, going to the different tables. Pink and shabby, tawdry skirts; very lovely hair in long and thick curls down her back and hanging in her eyes; face hard and sophisticated—the dancer of the wager!

Easy to induce her to sit down at their table; impossible to persuade her to take a drink from the flasks with which they were armed against contingencies. She insisted on soda water—and then more soda water.

"I want something sweet and cold," she told them. "God—how I've missed it! I hate places where there's not enough ice for ice cream."

She seized the glass of purplish mixture that was being placed before her and plunged the spoon, and after that her nose, into its enticing depths.

"Now, this is real joy!" she announced.

"Where you living?" Angier was already at the business of winning his bet.

The girl turned on him a cold and wary look that, as she studied his frank and boyish face, softened into good fellowship

"Over in the tondo—a Ford-sized life in a Ford-sized room. I take my shower under an oil can, and that after I've gone out and fetched in the water that's in the can. And if the water runs out before the soap's off, I've got to hustle into my kimono and get some more to fill up the darned can—and then jump under it like the house was on fire, so's the water won't give out again. That's comfort for you! And me used to Broadway! I tell you—give me Broadway with the human toads staring at you! Out here there's nothing to stare at you except half-breed frogs. I'm not strong for half-breeds. That's the reason I came over here when you called me—because you fellows are white." She gave them another of her wary looks; prepared for their unbelief.

What's in a Name?

"WHAT'S your name, kid?" "Miss Casey —to you!" replied the girl promptly, and with emphasis on the title

"What's your name to the chinos?" asked the amused Angier.

The girl's face turned a dark and painful red She glanced helplessly at the man who's manner toward her was marked by a difference

Kirwin smiled kindly in response to this glance.

"That's enough, Angier," he said with some sternness in his voice. "Miss Casey, my friend is distinctly young and rather flippant; take him with a grain of salt."

"Sure!" responded Miss Casey. "Say—what did you two fellows call me over here for? I know it wasn't just to have a good time. You can't fool Mary. I know the difference in men. He's guying me, but he isn't tough."

Kirwin bowed, growing respect in his deep-set eyes.

"Miss Casey, we owe you an apology. We did an unpardonable thing; we made a bet on you. It isn't what men should do about a woman——"

There was no longer a trace of the ironic in Kirwin's deference Something of old-fashioned ceremony crept into his manner and softened the girl. She smiled at him without rancor.

"Don't say a word," she said kindly, with the obvious intent of putting him at his ease. "You haven't hurt my feelings a bit. I know when to get mad; and I know when not to. I don't think either of you meant a thing. And it's a comfort to be sitting here with two men from home. Forget it!"

Angier withdrew his face from the tall glass. He put his hand on the roughened hand of the girl as it rested on the table beside her soda water.

"I'm sorry," he said. "And I want to ask you something quite aside from the bet. We are all Americans, as you said. Is there anything that we could do for you?"

With Misty Eyes

MARY CASEY put her other hand on top of his and pressed it. For a moment there was a mist over her blue eyes.

"You're a nice boy. Much obliged But there isn't anything I'm taking care of myself; and I can pay my rent, and pick up my meals one way or another. And not from men!" The guarded look was again in evidence as she said this. Then she laughed "You see how mean I am, about suspecting men! But I have to be that way. There aren't many men you can trust."

To the jerky strains of Manila's latest jazz —a tune already, in America, a year old and buried—she leaned across the rickety table and looked from one to the other of the men.

It was a direct level look. "What was the bet?"

"Oh, I say! Miss Casey!" began Angier uncomfortably. "See here: I've already said I was sorry I'd made it."

Her lips parted in a hard smile.

"Never occurred to you, did it, that women could stay straight easier if you men weren't so keen on saying we were crooked? Of course I can guess what the bet was! And I can very nearly guess which of you it was who bet for me. And—on account of one of you having taken a chance on me—I may tell you a thing or two before the evening is over. I'd somehow like a man who had the nerve to take a chance like that—on my side—to win his bet!"

She looked out over the floor. A stout and perspiring mestizo, with the unmistakable Chinese look, was approaching

"I must dance with this bum. He's one of the 'influential patrons,' and the management would have a fit and bounce me if I turned him down. I'll be back after he's walked a mile on my feet."

The two men watched her as she steered the lumbering mestizo through the crowd. Neither of them spoke.

At the end of the dance she returned to the table and sat down as a matter of course. This was the Orient, and a long way from home and its standards of caste. And these Americans had been decent to her—kind to her.

Knowing the Game

"KNOW the game? Sure I know the game—and a darned good thing I do!" she continued, taking up the conversation where they had left it. "I've known it since I was a kid. I'm twenty-three now; and I've been thanking my stars all that time that I knew it. You put yourself through the China Coast, and you need to know the ropes of life. You think I'd want to be one of those sweet, innocent dunces that you men always like to believe we blondes are—and that we aren't so many times? I'd have fallen into the paws of a Chink—I would! Innocent sweetness can't come through the China Coast whole, and don't you forget it! I've walked straight, but it wasn't by being sweet and innocent that I did it. It was by knowing every devilment that men can be up to."

The wind came up again and tore at the house, and around the house, with concentrated enmity. It played with the loose shell windows as the cat with the mouse. Inspired by this lack of control in the elements, Kirwin became elemental in his questioning of the girl.

"Born and brought up in New York, on Eighth Avenue, you say? Then why out here?"

"What's a girl who's poor to do to feed herself? Not but what the men'll feed her—if she's a fool! A man goes and marries, and gets a girl baby. And does he have that girl baby taught a trade when she leaves grammar school, like he does his sons? He does, like hell! He throws her out—in front of men—to catch a husband! 'Tisn't fair to the girls. Look at me: I didn't know how to do a thing except dance. I'd learned to do that on the sidewalks, to hurdy-gurdies."

Filled With Excitement

HER voice became shriller, more filled with excitement. "When I knew that if I didn't want to marry one of the poor simps I met—with his hair slicked down with grease until it looked like shiny black shoes—I'd have to scratch for my living. I got busy and hunted a job in a cheap dance hall in that part of town. My job was to dance with any dirty, smelly man who came in and hadn't got a girl along. Not much of a trade, but it was a long sight better than the one my sister took up—on the streets! That was another trade you didn't have to be trained, for!

"'Mary, be careful!' my mother kept telling me. 'A girl has got to be careful—because the men won't be careful for her.'

"By the time I'd learned the game of taking care of myself, I'd worked up to a sweller dance hall on Broadway. The fellows who came in there were clean, except in their minds. But I kept saying to myself, 'Mary, be careful!'

"And then, one evening, in came a seedy-looking man who made you think he'd seen better times and a fatter living Always shaved clean, and smelled of talcum powder. But his clothes were brushed until there weren't a bit of nap left on them, I used to think when I was dancing with him and looking at his shoulder. He was an actor, out of a job, he told me They always tell you the story of their lives when they're dancing with you

"Once he came in downright hungry. I shared with him that night the dinner the management gave me.

"I got in the habit of looking for him, and sharing my dinner with him. I respected myself a lot because I was giving him dinner instead of him feeding me. Silly, wasn't it?" She looked at Kirwin.

A Fellow Feeling

KIRWIN nodded gravely. "I understand that perfectly," he said "You would feel that way. So should I, in your place."

"Thanks!" said Mary Casey. "Well—you know—after you've fed a man when he's hungry, you get to sort of think you own him. You feel like you're his mother, you might say. I got to feeling that way about Teddy. I felt like he was mine. I don't suppose I thought about marrying; I knew he couldn't support me But I never thought about anything that I'd be doing, way off in life, when we were older, without thinking of him being right there with me. You know what I mean? I just didn't think we'd ever be anywhere without the other one being there, too. Not that he said anything much, only—'I'm awful fond of you, kid!' But I didn't mind. I was fool happy, dancing afternoons with all sorts of men, and all the time thinking that pretty soon Teddy'd be coming in by the doorkeeper, and looking around for me—and then sit in the darkish restaurant eating part of my dinner—though it did used to leave me pretty hungry, for the dinner the management gave me wasn't much on size. Some of the girls used to kick about those dinners; you're awful hungry after you've been dragged around the floor for hours and hours by heavy-footed hicks. I was popular with the men who came there. It isn't that I'm pretty; I'm not. And so they look again to see what the deuce I am. And that gets a man's goat—when he can't make out what he likes about a girl.

"Anyhow, if I'd ever been pretty I'd have lost it by now I've been so darned careful; and when a girl's careful, and suspects everybody, she gets hard and mean looking."

A Comfort

"WHEN you are talking this way, you don't look hard," interrupted Kirwin.

"That's because it's a comfort to sit here and say everything that comes into my head. Most times, when I'm across a table from a man, I have to think before I open my mouth: 'Will this give him a handle?' And so I just say: 'Oh! Isn't this a lovely floor?' And. 'My! But you are a lovely dancer!' when like as not he's stepped all over me."

"Men are brutes! They even step on the ladies toes!" the laughing Angier remarked.

"They step on more than their toes," the girl countered. "They step on anything the girl gives them a chance to step on! At least, most of them do. I never saw but one who wouldn't. And I lost him—lost sight of him, I mean—on account of losing his card.

"It was this way

"Times got worse. I got so I couldn't make out. They raised my rent on me. I couldn't go to live with my people. They bunked and washed and cooked in one room, with a window and the fire escape for their excitement; and I'd got used to better. I couldn't go back there—not with Teddy in my head. He'd have looked down on me, see?

"So Teddy says to me 'Why don't you try South America? I've been told they pay high down there, for American dancers. And board and lodging thrown in,' he says. And he says that he'll see if he can get me a chance, through a friend of his that's in town looking for girls to go down to Colon. This friend came in to talk to me about it. It's a swell chance to make big money, he says. The Panamanians are ready spenders, he says, and crazy over dancing. And Teddy kept trying to make me go.

In Panama

"I WENT. The boat got in about seven o'clock in the evening. The man they sent to meet me said that I was to hop into my dance clothes and hurry along with him to the hall. My trunk would go up afterward.

"Say, I'm telling you—I never did see a dance hall like that one! It was a scream! The guy hadn't told me that the Panamanians were all colors. Everything was sitting at the tables, from putty-colored dudes with diamonds in their embroidered shirts to jet-black niggers in fine clothes. Each man had poured a bottle of scent over himself. The smell of that perfume, and the smell of the different breeds of people, all hot and perspiring, was something fierce. It made me feel queer, all of a sudden.

"I sat down at one of the tables, and the fat, cream-colored woman who ran the place came over and gave me something to drink, to cool me off, she said. It made me cool, but odd-feeling I leaned my head on my hand, so the floor would stop going around And something—the heat maybe—made me feel so sleepy I thought to myself I'd swap my job for a bed, if I could have found a bed. And then I realized that somebody was stroking my arm; long pressing strokes like you give a cat's back There wasn't much feeling in my arm, it was sorter dead; but I knew darned well that somebody was fooling with it. I opened my eyes wide It was a coon who was stroking my arm! A real coon, like we have at home—only this one spoke a lingo that I guess was Spanish. Any rate, I didn't understand a word he said And I jumped away from him; I never had had a coon stroke my arm, and I didn't like it a bit. So I says to him: 'You get away from me!' But he laughed so all his teeth showed; and he reached over and grabbed me That waked me up sure enough; and I kicked and screamed. And the next thing I knew a white man had come across the room and lifted that coon by the scruff of the neck and thrown him into a corner. I've seen fights in my day—but say! I never saw a prettier one than that! The white man cleaned out the crowd!

"The cream-colored woman rushed over and began jabbering at him; and the dudes with the diamond buttons stood close by and laughed and whispered to each other in their crazy talk, and pushed their shoulders up in the air until you couldn't see their big ears; but that American paid no attention to them. He treated them so like scum that I was proud to be standing by him.

Jabbering Dudes

"THE American took me by the arm—not spoony; just sort of as if he was boss around these diggings—and walked me over to a table in a far corner, away from the jabbering dudes. We sat down. I was sorter nervous by that time. There was something I didn't get, if you know what I mean? So that man tells me

"'This is no place for an American girl! How'd you come here?'

"I told him all about the contract I had signed to dance there. And I told him about Teddy, and everything else I could think of. He was a comfort in the midst of all those funny people. He didn't smell of perfume, and he had on plain white clothes, and they were clean around the collar and cuffs. Different, that's all. While I was talking, he sat there looking at me with his eyes half shut, like he was sizing me up. And every now and then he'd nod his head. Once I heard him muttering something about: 'My first assay would be—pure gold!' And I got scared; I thought that he was crazy, too. But when he saw how I was getting as far away in my chair as I could, he laughed—first time he'd laughed. And I noticed that his nose stayed quiet while he was laughing, instead of working up and down like the dagos' noses did. And his eyes laughed; and the dagos' eyes don't laugh. That made me trust him.

"He told me that he was a mining engineer, down there on a job for a Denver crowd.

"'Miss Casey,' the engineer fellow said then, 'I'm not going to leave you here! Do you know what sort of a place you're in?'

"I told him all over again about the contract to dance. He frowned, and beat on the table with his forefinger. And when I stopped talking he told me what kind of a place it was. I don't suppose I need to tell you?

"I never would have got out of there whole except for that American. I tell you what, I burn candles in the church for that man!

"He explained it all to me; just what business Teddy's friend was up to, shipping girls down to the dance halls in South and Central America. But I didn't like to believe Teddy knew what that friend of his was wishing on me. The American thought he knew; and he called him an awful word. I felt mad—and sick—and I told him that he was lying about Teddy. But I didn't believe he was lying. And he was awful nice about it; said he didn't blame me for talking up for my friends! But say! What men are friends to girls like me? Never but one man was straight with me—that fellow in Panama!

Mary Casey's Soul

THE blue eyes were not hard now; neither did they twinkle merrily. Mary Casey's soul looked out of them.

"That engineer fellow was the man I told you I could respect," she stated gravely. "You know what he did for me? He helped me get away from that place. He worked our way through the jabbering crowd until we were near the door; and then, when the music was blaring loud, he threw his coat over my dance dress and grabbed me with his left arm while he pushed off the men who ran in front of us with his right fist. He had a heavy fist—that fellow! I saw one man's nose start bleeding. And a few more were knocked over like ninepins It only takes one white man to bawl out a crowd of niggers and spinachers.

"'Sorry for the rough-house, Miss Casey,' said the engineer fellow, 'but we have to make our getaway before these nigger police show up.'

"We made it! We ran along the crooked streets that I'd thought were so funny when I drove up from the boat; but they weren't quite so funny when we were running along them in the dark and I was catching my heels in the holes between the big paving blocks that didn't fit even against each other. One of the heels came off, and we didn't have time to go back and pick it up I hobbled along as well as I could, holding on to the engineer fellow's nice hard arm. I didn't want to fuss when he was being such a good sport.

"All the way down to the docks the engineer fellow was telling me, as well as he could for running and dodging from shadow to shadow of the squatty houses, and looking up and down each street that we had to cross, what I was to do when I got to New Orleans. But I didn't hear a word he said. I was so busy thinking how nice it was to have a man like that taking care of me—and how strong his arm was.

"He swung me aboard a ship just as the gangplank was drawn up. All he had time to do was to push a card into my hand.

"'Here's my address,' he said. 'Let me know how you are coming on, and where you are' And then he said: 'Hasta la manana!' which I'd picked up in the dance hall, and knew meant that he was going to see me some time.

"The captain was looking over the rail of the ship. The engineer fellow threw him a little package twisted up in a piece of paper that he tore from a notebook; and he said something to the captain in Spanish.

A Banana Ship

"SO there I was, on a banana ship—in my dance dress and one heel off my slippers, and the engineer fellow's coat over my shoulders! I must have struck that captain dumb! But I didn't care. I was too busy staring at the engineer fellow back there on the deck.

"A puff of wind came up and blew the card that he had given me out of my hand and down into the water. I leaned away over the rail and saw it sucked under by the churning of the machinery. And then I remembered that I hadn't read it

"That's the way I lost out. But I've always kept the coat. It reminds me that I once met a good man.

"When I got to New Orleans with those bananas, I was still a long way from home And I didn't have a cent of money; my purse was in the trunk that they'd been going to send up to the dance hall at Colon. I said to the captain the day we made port·

"'I don't know how I am to pay you, unless you wait until I get a job in this town.'

The captain told me that the engineer fellow had paid my passage, and fifty dollars over for me to get a start on—buy some clothes to wear when I was out looking for a job. That was a real man, that fellow! And as I didn't know his name, having been

(Continued on next page)

SHOOT! SHOOT!

The Camera Doesn't Lie—Much!

By JACK LAIT



The actors were tired. They were bored. What cared they for "personal" pictures?

THERE comes a time in the affairs of every show troup when the picture call is posted. Meaning, somewhere between the opening and the settling into the grind of a run, the management assembles the company and takes photos. No longer flashlights. Modern methods make simple enough the employment of scientific greens and whites plugged from juice-boxes. But they are still called flashlights, these company pictures.

The process is a lengthy one usually, because several scenes are wanted as backgrounds and etmosphere, and these must be set up and knocked down; then there are changes of costume, and groupings, ensembles, pairs, singles.

By traditional custom, though it never turns out a very handsome or showy picture, the final shot is of the entire outfit in street clothes.

Every troup that lives long enough to establish the usefulness of being photographed at all has one.

And so the "Kiss Me, Kid" company had to have one.

"Kiss Me, Kid" was a roaring farce, slightly "blue," which had clicked louder with the public than with the reviewer. It was a banal, raw book. But it was howling hokum and the box-office never is critical.

Aftar a grueling three hours, following a night performance, the actors, having stayed in after school and posed their prettiest and their oftenest, were told to dress. When the last one hed straggled beck on the stage, the temperamental and fussy cameraman lined them up in the habitual way—women sitting, men standing—adjusted his side lights, front lights, overhead lights, coached them to look pleasant and not stare into the lens, and——

No, that girl over there was scowling; that man had his head tilted out of line; that other girl's legs were crossed awkwardly; that foot was too far into the background——

The actors were tired. They were bored. What cared they for "personal" pictures? "Professional" ones—ah!—that was different—in costume, in character But this shot meant no more than a Coney Island tintype or one of those strings of postage-stamp faces run out of a dime machine.

But to Pelwyll, the photographer, every plate was an episode, if not an epic. He took his bulb-pushing seriously. He strove for effecls—mechanically congruous, dramatically accurate, pictorially attractive. To him a camera was not a machine any more than to a sculptor a chisel is a tool or a cube of marble is a chunk of rock. It was an instrument, not an implement.

His directing hand outstretched, his hair rumpled from frequent vises under the masking cloth, his knees bent and his body in a trembling passion of earnest intensity, he finelly called "Hold it!"

A bit lackadaisically, but still fairly like good soldiers, they held it. They heard the click of the shutter and relexed, but he cried—"Once more—don't break pose—As you were—Action!—Camera!—Ready—Now!—Once more——" and with peeved compliance they returned to their postures. Again he ran them over with his captious eye; again he readied them, cooed to them, barked at them, held under his thumb the waiting bulb, perhaps as impatient as the eubjects, and with a final metallic "Now!" he shot.

"That'll be all," he panted. And the troup disbended.

Pelwyll folded up his paraphernella, his cables, his shadow-boxes end other miscellaneous props, and walked out—out of the picture, out of the lives of the pictured. But behind him he left havoc and pandemonium, as we shall see

For it chanced that when the print came back, it revealed Chaney Bellaire, the prematurely greyed "heavy" of the company, looking down lovingly into the deep eyes of Helen Jackes, the leading woman, and Helen's orbs were not exactly turned from his, either. And, standing in the last row, was Caryl Wendem, the hero of the plot, who thought Helen's eyes never looked that wey at anyone except himself, and that she wouldn't pet any other man's knee with her dainty elbow.

Helen was the only feminine member of the "Kiss Me, Kid," family not definitely hooked up, including Mrs. Worrenroth, the character woman, who was tha wife of the stage carpenter. Helen drew the largest stipend, was best known, commanded "billing" in the advertising matter, and held stage-centre most of the time during performance. She therefore pulled a heavy oar with the management, and he who enjoyed her favor could also enjoy many favors.

Wendem, tall and boyish for his past-thirty, packed plenty of "It" in and out of the business. Girls sighed for him and cried for him end tried for him. His conquests were numbered by his capitulations. Yet, Bellaire, more than ten years older, made him look like a clubfooted plodder in the race.

Technique was what this Bellaire had, and plenty He affected foreign airs and mannerisms; his hat was set at a distingue engle, a broad ribbon flowed from the shell-tired pince nez, his vigorously-brushed iron-grey bair was curly and allowed to grow long His shoulders were at a rakish and insolent slant, and, above all, his tiny black moustache made women want to kiss him and men want to kill him.

Where Wendem had turned all the candlepower of his famous she-burning fascinations on Helen, Bellaire had treated her from the first with a courteous indifference. Helen wasn't used to that, so she early formed a violent dislike for and resentment against Bellaire. So, of course, she soon realised she was mad over him. He knew, too, the slick rascal.

They hadn't ever admitted it to one another; in truth, they had scarcely exchanged a dozen personal speeches. But each knew and each knew the other knew Half the company suspected. Wendem had never contemplated such a catastrophe. For he was Helen's squire, escort, servitor and open suitor

So it was with panic in his heart and fire in his breast that he knocked on Helen's dressing-room door; she bade him enter; he shook the picture before her face and cried, "If that isn't a flirtation between you and that funny-looking ham, I'm blind."

"You are not blind if that's what you see," she gurgled. "If you didn't, you'd be dumb."

"So—that's the way it stands, does it?"

"I said nothing about standing. Can't a gentleman admire me?"

"Who's a gentleman?"

"Don't get hot—I wasn't referring to you. And if a gentleman does admire me, can't I enjoy it?"

'No. You're as good as engaged to me——"

"As good as? Better. I'm not engaged to you at all. Just how do you get that way, Big Boy?"

"You've gone with me all season. You never told me there was eny other man—that you took seriously——"

"Who said enything about seriously? And there'e a whole lot I've never told you. And if you don't quit raising your voice and teking on that possessive and bossy attitude, I'll tell it to you now!"

The best comeback he could choke out was "Is that so?"—an open confession of weakness and a rhetorical gesture of defeat, reluctant.

"You see," teased Helen, "I have that photo posted on the wall of my room. Every time I glance at it, I'm conscious of not only Bellaire making a dotted line from his eye to mine, but you—behind my back—watching us, end the expression on your pan puzzles me. Were you gazing dotingly at me, or furiously at him?"

"I was looking at you. I never miss an opportunity. Whenever you're in sight, even the top of your head—the top of your hat, as in this case—I'm concentrated looking at you. There are some people who can be interested in one person at a time——"

"Ah—at a time, is perfect. At a time I was beginning to wonder if maybe I couldn't et some other time—in the future—leern to like you. At this time I have about made up my mind it was only possible, scarcely probable"

"Does—does that mean—it's all off?"

"It never was on. It means it never will be, if that's what you want to know."

"B-but why? Is it Bellaire?"

"Partly. Every woman must heve a man, somewhere, that she can think about, worry ebout, wonder about. Bellaire will fill that bill, at least. Maybe more; maybe out afterward—I don't know yet. But right now I've gone Bellaire and will give it a spin for better or worse."

"Are you giving me a good time, Helen—surely it wasn't this look, at that time, that settled it I never saw any other indications of such a thing before—or even since, until I read it on this print——"

"Oh, there's been no set agreement. But I will go so far as to let out that Bellaire and I have a little engagement after the show tonight——"

"But you had one with me——"

"Did I? I don't remember"

"Well, not in so many words. It wasn't needed. Each evening we took it for granted we'd be together next evening, and——"

"Who took what for granted? You may have. Each evening was a detached item."

"But—you didn't tell me——"

"I'm telling you now. Do you think you're entitled to two week's notice, a la equity contract, standard form?"

Wendem took a deep breath, but his lips, then said thinly:

"It's—the air, then, eh?"

"Air is the breath of life, Wendy. It is also valuable in tires, and invaluable in living one's own life as one wishes to live one's own life."

"But this is two's own lives——"

"Oh, three's. There's Bellaire to be considered, and he's going to get considerable consideration."

"I've got a good notion to knock his funny block off."

"Wouldn't that be funny, now? Always a hero, on end off. I hate childish men."

"I see you do," he retorted bitterly. "You like greyhaired boys . . . all right, Miss Important. There are a couple of pretty nifty kids right in this troup who won't get mad if Caryl Wendem pushes a date at 'em."

"Good. Congrats. Thet little pug-nosed Miriam What'e-her-name is sort of cute—and she's wide open now for an offer, because she was pretty sweet on Bellaire, end he gave her what the Abyssinians call the grand run-around. Go to it, kid, and more power to you—she may appreciate a handsome, romantic, eggressive youth like you."

"I never knew e woman could be so beautiful and so heartless," he whined.

"Not heartless. I admit the rest. But not heartless—just less for you, but my heart's as big as your head, otherwise . . you must go now; have to dress, child—Scootaroo!"

He turned, slammed the door, and stalked up the corridor.

Forty minutes later he was rescuing Helen from Bellaire (in the play) and he put more art into the job than ever he had thought or known how to do before. He threw Bellaire half way across the stage—and drew a round of applause. He denounced him as a cad, an unmanly interloper and e blackguard in ringingly convincing throatnotes.

It was a victory for Wendem—until the curtain fell.

As he walked through the stage door with Miriam, a bobbed-haired ingenue who was men-mad, and who was manipulating her sparkling young eyes as they gazed far upward into his, he saw before him two forms—arm in arm: Helen and Bellaire.

"I just think it's positively kicky," chortled Helen. "I knew nothing of anything like that—I didn't know you were looking at me, if you were——"

"If I was, I don't remember it and wasn't conscious of it," Bellaire answered. "And if you were ogling me, as you say he said you were, it was lost on me."

"I was simply annoyed at the moment, that cameraman giving me the willies with his bunk, end was locking nowhere in particular——"

"Just how I felt . . . and when you sent me that note, efter the second act, to see you a moment, and you told me what Wendy had thrown, it wes all news to me"

"It was a little bold of me to invite you to invite me out——"

"Not et all. I'm used to it," conceded Bellaire.

63-Year-Old "Youth" Realizes Life Wish In Tropics

A FORTY-YEAR-OLD dream of former Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania since his student days at Yale began to come true a few weeks ago when the Mary P., three-masted auxiliary schooner, lifted anchor off Brooklyn and sailed for a nine months' voyage among the sunny islands of the South Seas.

That's the dream of this sixty-three-year-old youth, whose vocation has been forest conservation and whose avocation politics, although a lifelong fisherman. He now intends to angle for the exotic denisens of the waters below the equator, and his party will gather specimens for half a dozen scientific institutions.

Mrs. Pinchot and their son, Gifford Bryce Pinchot, fifteen, eccompanied the former Governor and the distinguished scientists who are his guesls

The former Governor has, ever since he left college, had ambitions for the trip. He started out on graduation as an entomologist end has always been interested in scientific work.

The party proceeded to Key West, thence to Havana, Grand Cayman and the Swan Islands in the Caribbean. They intend to obtain specimens for the collection of porpoise skulls for the National Museum there

Then they will proceed through the Panama Canal to Galapagos Island, with a pause for deep-sea fishing. They hope to bring many specimens of live fish back to America in tanks.

From Galapagos they intend to cover the 3,000 miles to the Marquesas, with stops et Paumotu and Society Islands, with visils at Tahiti, Cook Island and Tubnai There are many islands in the vast stretch of this cruise which should afford interesting scientific specimens. Pitcairn and Gambier Island are on the route home.

Two members of a club were discussing the table manners of a new member

"Well, what do you think of him?" asked one.

"Really dreadful," replied the other "I've heard soup gargled, and I've heard it syphoned, but it's the first time I've ever known it to be yodeled!"

THE WAGER

(Continued From Preceding Page)

By ISA URQUHART GLENN

such a fool ebout not reading his card for looking at him, I couldn't hunt him up to pay it back. So I burn candles for him."

Silence—except for the noise of the jazz band and the shuffling feet.

Kirwin broke the silence. He leaned nearer the girl; his voice was very kind as he spoke to her

"You shouldn't have come out here. No girl should come out here as long as she can meke a cent in the States"

"Dance halls in the States are supposed to be respectable. They'll keep girls on that they suspect a lot about; but they bounce her as soon as all the people outside the business know ebout her See? Everybody who went to dance halls in New York knew I'd left on that contract; I'd been such a fool I'd told it all around, trusting Teddy end his friend as I did. That closed the doors of every place I tried to get en engagement. I've chased half way round the world, now, trying to get to some place where they could not find out ebout it. San Antone—'Frisco—Honolulu—I've tried them all. And I've sloped out of all of them for the same reason.

"Listen: now I've told you ell this—there's one more thing I want to tell you—I've walked straight, even out here. You believe me?" Her voice was tense

Kirwin and Angier spoke at once. "Yes!"

"I wish I could see that engineer fellow again, and tell him that, too. He did a lot for me."

With a Mincing Gait

A PILIPINO walked up with mincing gait. He thrust out a dance ticket. With a shrug of her thin shoulders Mary Casey went on the floor and abandoned herself to his arms.

Angier turned a sober face to Kirwin.

"You win!" he said.

Kirwin twisted his wrist around until he could see the face of the wratch strapped there.

"No use to wait for Mayhew It's two o'clock."

Fresh air came in to them as they opened the door. Seeming a part of that fresh eir was the tall and lean man whom they encountered on the narrow sidewalk. A man in white linen of unmilitary cut, on his close-cropped head a slouched panama thet had seen better days. As the three hailed e passing calesa end took refuge within its cramped depths from the downpour, the man took off his battered paname and carefully drained the water from its brim.

"Hard time getting awey from the dames at the hotel," he announced grimly. "Those women would chew over a bit of heaven itself until it was as pallid and unappetizing as an overmasticated piece of bacon! I fled for my life, finelly. Healthier down in the bowels of the earth, surrounded by gold that doesn't belong to me, and that I am merely passing on for the chaps who are buying up Masbate."

"Does it never make you want some gold of your own, Mayhew?" inquired the curious Angier.

"Might if I hadn't been very busy with something else I've been prospecting for human gold. Struck the vein once, but lost it through a fluke."

The Lost Vein

HE turned a rather shamefaced gaze on his friends. "What would you say if I told you that for years I'd been chasing a pipe-dream from pillar to post—always trying to catch up with it and see if I was right in my assay? Taking unlikely jobs which would carry me to unlikely places—never overlooking a dance hall this side of hell—with only one thing tangible enough to prove to me that it wasn't actually a dream—a broken slipper heel that I'd picked up in the street on my way back from—from the vision, you might say!"

"So it's a woman you've been sleuthing, you old son of a gun!" howled gleefully the unobservant Angier.

But Kirwin leaned forward and touched the cochero on the shoulder "Mano!" he commanded. "And hurry that plug along!"

The calesa turned a corner on one of its two inadequate wheels. The three men were thrown against each other.

"What the devil, Kirwin——" began Angier. "Oh, I see!" He whistled softly.

"Sila!" Kirwin directed the cochero.

The calesa veered around a curve on its other wheel.

"Poco mas!"

The calesa came to en ebrupt halt in front of the dance hall that they had quitted a short time before The men of the jazz band were coming out, their swathed instruments under their arms. The proprietor was fitting the key into the lock of the door.

Kirwin leaned from the calesa and looked anxiously up and down the narrow street. A solitary female figure, huddled under a dripping umbrella, was picking its way, with the delicate step of the dancer, between the pools of water that overflowed from the gutter onto the sidewalk.

Kirwin sprang from the calesa. He pulled the astonished Mayhew efter him With one hand on Mayhew's shoulder, he turned him in the direction of the huddled figure under the umbrella.

"Go fit that heel to Cinderella!" he laughed.

Saving Fruit Juices

The juices of fresh fruit can now be treated in such a manner that they will be preserved in their natural state for years without any adulteration whatsoever During the packing season the big packing houses discard thousands of boxes of choice fruit not good enough to pack and known as culls. The fruit may be too small or many not have a good appearance, but all of them, by a new electrical process, can now be used. The juice is electrically treated and electrically bottled. The process is said to be extensively used in Florida.

An American, touring Scotland, arrived at Stirling.

"This, sir, is the Wallace Mounment," said the guide

"Good old Edgar!" replied the American.

Company for Gertrude

By P. G. WODEHOUSE
Illustrated by Hubert Mathieu

In the Matter of Good Intentions, Freddie Yielded to No One, and This Was His Great Opportunity.

THE Honorable Freddie Threepwood, married to the charming daughter of Donaldson's Dog Biscuits, of Island City, and sent home by his father-in-law to stimulate the sale of the firm's products, naturally thought right away of his Aunt Georgiana. There was a woman who literally ate dog biscuits. She owned four Pekes, two Poms, a Yorkshire terrier, three Sealyhams, and a Borzoi; and, if that didn't constitute a promising market for Donaldson's Dog Joy, Freddie would like to know what did.

A day or so after his arrival, accordingly, he hastened around to Upper Brook Street to make a sales talk; and it was as he was coming rather pensively out of the house at the conclusion of the interview that he ran into old Beefy Bingham, who had been up at Oxford with him.

Several years had passed since the other, then a third-year Blood and Trial Eights man, had bicycled along tow-paths, saying rude things about Freddie's stomach, but he recognized him instantly.

"Beefers!" cried Freddie, his slight gloom vanishing in the pleasure of this happy reunion.

Rupert Bingham returned his greeting with cordiality, but without exuberance. He, too, seemed gloomy.

"Oh, hullo, Freddie," he said, and his voice was that of a man with a secret sorrow. "I haven't seen you for years. What were you doing in that house?"

"Trying to sell my aunt dog biscuits."

"I didn't know Lady Alcester was your aunt."

"Didn't you, Beefers, old man? I thought it was all over London."

"I suppose she told you about me, then?"

"What about you?" Freddie stared. "Great Scott! Are you the impoverished bloke who wants to marry Gertrude?"

"Yes. And now they've gone and sent her off to Blandings, to be out of my way. I thought of calling on your aunt and trying to reason with her."

Sympathetic Friend

FREDDIE took his old friend's arm sympathetically and drew him away. They passed into Park Street.

"I've got it," Freddie said at length. "And it a dashed good thing for you, my lad, that I went last night to see that superfilm, 'Young Hearts Adrift.' Beefers, old man, you are legging it straight down to Blandings!"

"What!"

"By the first train after lunch. I've got the whole thing planned out. In 'Young Hearts Adrift,' a poor, but deserving young man was in love with the daughter of rich and haughty parents, and they took her away to the country, so that she could forget, and a few days later a mysterious stranger turned up at the place and ingratiated himself with the parents and said he wanted to marry their daughter, and they gave their consent, and the wedding took place, and then he tore off his whiskers and it was Jim!"

"Yes, but——"

"Don't argue. The thing's settled. My aunt needs a sharp lesson. You would think that a woman would be only too glad to put business in the way of her nearest and dearest, especially when shown samples and offered a fortnight's free trial. But no! She insists on sticking to Peterson's Pup Food, and from now on, old boy, I am heart and soul in your case."

"Whiskers?" said Rupert doubtfully.

"You won't have to wear any whiskers. My guv'nor's never seen you. Or has he?"

"No. I've never met Lord Emsworth."

"Very well, then."

"But what good will it do me, ingratiating myself, as you call it, with your father? He's only Gertrude's uncle."

"What good? My dear chap, are you aware that the guv'nor owns the countryside for miles around? He has all sorts of jobs up his sleeve, and can distribute them as he likes."

Something in It

RUPERT'S face cleared. "Freddie, there's something in this. But how can I ingratiate myself with your father?"

"Perfectly easy. Cluster round him. Hang on his every word. Interest yourself in his pursuits. Do him little services! Help him out of chairs . . . Why Great Scott! I'd undertake to ingratiate myself with a man-eating tiger if I gave my mind to it. Pop off and pack the old toothbrush, and I'll go and get the guv'nor on the phone."

At about the time this conversation was taking place in London, Clarence, ninth Earl of Emsworth, sat brooding in the library of Blandings Castle.

Fate, usually indulgent to this dreamy peer, had suddenly turned nasty and smitten him a grievous blow beneath the belt.

Without wishing to be pessimistic, he was dashed if he saw how a country containing men like Sir Gregory Parsloe-Parsloe, of Matchingham Hall, could hope to survive.

Consider the facts.

When, shortly after the triumph of Lord Emsworth's pre-eminent Empress in the fat pig class at the eighty-eighth annual Shropshire agricultural show, George Cyril, his lordship's pig man, had expressed a desire to hand in his portfolio and seek employment elsewhere, the amiable peer put the thing down to his roving spirit.

But when, not a week later, word was brought to Lord Emsworth that, so far from having migrated to Sussex or Norfolk or Kent or somewhere, the fellow was actually just around the corner in the neighboring village of Much Matchingham, serving under the banner of Sir Gregory Parsloe-Parsloe, of Matchingham Hall, the scales fell from his eyes. He realized that black treachery had been at work. George Cyril had sold himself for gold, and Sir Gregory Parsloe-Parsloe, hitherto looked upon as a high-minded friend and fellow justice of the peace, was in reality that lowest of created things, a lurer away of other people's pig men.

A Diversion

SO deeply was Lord Emsworth occupied with the consideration of this appalling state of affairs that it was only when the knock upon the door was repeated that it reached his consciousness.

"Come in," he said hollowly. He hoped it was not Gertrude, his niece. A gloomy young woman. He could hardly stand Gertrude's society just now.

It was not Gertrude. It was Beach, the butler.

"Mr. Frederick wishes to speak to your lordship on the telephone."

An additional layer of greyness fell over Lord Emsworth's spirit. It was his experience that almost any communication from Freddie indicated trouble.

But there was nothing in his son's voice as it floated over the wire to suggest that all was not well.

"Hullo, guv'nor."

"Well, Frederick?"

"How's everything at Blandings?"

Lord Emsworth was not the man to exhibit the vultures gnawing at his heart to a blabber like the Honorable Freddie. He replied, though it hurt him to do so, that everything was excellent.

"Good-oh!" said Freddie. "Is the old doss-house full up at the moment?"

"If," replied his lordship, "you are alluding to Blandings Castle, there is nobody at present staying here, except myself and Gertrude. Why?" he added, in quick alarm. "Were you thinking of coming down?"

"Oh, no," cried his son, with equal horror. "I mean to say, I'd love to, but just now I'm too busy with Dog Joy."

"Who is Popjoy?"

"Popjoy? Popjoy? Oh—ah, yes. He's a pal of mine and, as you've plenty of room, I want you to put him up for a bit. Nice chap. You'll like him. Right ho, then, I'll ship him off on the three-fifteen."

A Blistering Refusal

LORD Emsworth had just recovered enough breath for the delivery of a blistering refusal to have any friend of Freddie's within fifty miles of the place, when the other spoke again.

"He'll be company for Gertrude."

And at these words a remarkable change came over Lord Emsworth. His face untwisted itself. The basilisk glare died out of his eyes.

"Bless my soul! That's true," he exclaimed. "That's certainly true. So he will. The three-fifteen, did you say? I will send the car to Market Blandings to meet it."

Company for Gertrude? A pleasing thought. Somebody to take Gertrude off his hands occasionally was what he had been praying for, ever since his sister had dumped her down on him.

For two weeks Lord Emsworth's beautiful young niece had been moving to and fro through the castle with a drawn face, doing good right and left; and his lordship, being handiest, had had to bear the brunt of it. It was with the first real smile he had smiled that day that he came out of the telephone closet and found the object of his thoughts entering the hall in front of him.

"Well, well, well, my dear," he said cheerily. "And what have you been doing?"

There was no answering smile on his niece's face. Indeed, looking at her, you could see that this was a girl who had forgotten how to smile. She suggested something symbolic.

"I have been tidying your study, Uncle Clarence," she replied listlessly. "It was in a dreadful mess."

"I have been talking to Frederick on the telephone."

"Yes?" Gertrude sighed, and a bleak wind seemed to blow through the hall. "Your tie is crooked, Uncle Clarence."

"I like it crooked," said his lordship, backing. "I have a piece of news for you. A friend of Frederick's is coming down here tonight for a visit. His name, I understand, is Popjoy. So you will have some young society at last."

"I don't want young society."

"Oh, come, my dear."



". . . the next thing we knew Uncle Clarence was sitting on the grass, not seeming to like it much. He had ricked his ankle a bit and shaken himself up a bit, and altogether he wasn't fearfully sunny."

Large, Sombre Eyes

SHE looked at him thoughtfully with large, sombre eyes. Another sigh escaped her. "It must be wonderful to be as old as you are, Uncle Clarence."

"Eh?" said his lordship, starting.

"To feel that there is such a short step to the quiet tomb, to the ineffable peace of the grave. To me, life seems to stretch out endlessly, like a long, dusty desert. Twenty-three! That's all I am. Only twenty-three. And all our family live to sixty."

"What do you mean, sixty?" demanded his lordship, with the warmth of a man who would be that on his birthday. "My poor father was seventy-six when he was killed on the hunting-field. Uncle Robert lived until nearly ninety. My mother's brother, Alistair——"

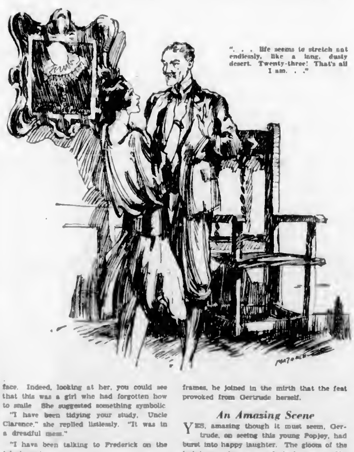
"Don't!" said the girl, with a little shudder. "Don't! It makes it all seem so awful and hopeless."

Yes, that was Gertrude; and, in Lord Emsworth's opinion, she needed company.

The reactions of Lord Emsworth to young Popjoy, when he encountered him for the first time in the drawing-room shortly before dinner, were in the beginning wholly favorable. His son's friend was an extraordinarily large and powerful person, with a frank, open, ingenuous face about the color of the inside of a salmon, and he seemed a little nervous. That, however, was in his favor.

It was, his lordship felt, a pleasant surprise to find in one of the younger generation so novel an emotion as diffidence.

And when, springing to his feet at the entrance of Gertrude, the young man performed some complicated steps in conjunction with a table covered with china and photograph frames, he joined in the mirth that the feat provoked from Gertrude herself.



". . . life seems to stretch out endlessly, like a long, dusty desert. Twenty-three! That's all I am. . ."

An Amazing Scene

YES, amazing though it must seem, Gertrude, on seeing this young Popjoy, had burst into happy laughter. The gloom of the last two weeks appeared to be gone. She laughed. He laughed. The young man laughed.

However, weighing profit and loss as he sipped his port, Lord Emsworth considered that the ledger worked out on the right side. True, he had taken into his home what appeared to be a half-witted acrobat; but then, any friend of Frederick was bound to be weak in the head, and, after all, the great thing was that Gertrude seemed to appreciate the newcomer's society.

In matters where shades of feeling are involved, it is not always easy for the historian to be as definite as he could wish. He wants to keep the record straight, and yet he cannot take any one particular moment of time, pin it down for the scrutiny of posterity and say, "This was the moment when Lord Emsworth, for the first time, found himself wishing that his guest would tumble out of an upper window and break his neck."

To his lordship it seemed that this had been from the beginning his constant day-dream, but such was not the case. When, on the second morning of the other's visit, the luncheon gong had found them chatting in the library and the young man, bounding up, had extended a hand like a ham and placing it beneath his host's arm, gently helped him to rise, Lord Emsworth had been distinctly pleased by the courteous attention.

But, when the fellow did the same thing day after day, night after night, every time he caught him sitting; when he offered him an arm to help him across floors; when he assisted him upstairs, along corridors, down paths, out of rooms and into raincoats—why, then, Lord Emsworth rebelled.

Insult to Injury

IT had been bad enough when Gertrude was being the Little Mother. This was infinitely worse. And then, on top of all this, there occurred the episode of the step-ladder.

The Honorable Freddie Threepwood, who had decided to run down and see how matters were developing, learned the details of this rather unfortunate occurrence from Gertrude.

She met him at Market Blandings station, and he could see there was something on her mind.

"Don't tell me the binge has sprung a leak," he said anxiously.

Gertrude sighed. "Well, yes and no."

"What do you mean, yes and no? Properly worked, the thing can't fail. Has old Beefers been ingratiating himself?"

"Yes."

"Hanging on the guv'nor's every word? Interesting himself in his pursuits? Doing him little services? And been at it two weeks? Good heavens! By now the guv'nor should be looking on him as a prize pig. Why isn't he?"

"I didn't say he wasn't. Till this afternoon I rather think he was. But when that thing happened this afternoon, I'm afraid he wasn't very pleased."

"What thing?"

"That stepladder business. It was like this. Rupert and I went for a walk after lunch, and, by the time I had persuaded him that he ought to go and ingratiate himself with him, Uncle Clarence had disappeared. So we hunted about for a long time, and at last we heard a snipping noise and found him miles away, sort of pruning some kind of tree with a pair of shears. So Rupert said, 'Oh, there you are!' and Uncle Clarence said, yes, there he was, and Rupert said, 'Ought you to tire yourself? Won't you let me do that for you?'"

"The right note," said Freddie approvingly. "Assiduity. Zeal. Well?"

No, Thank You

"WELL, Uncle Clarence said, 'No, thank you'—Rupert thinks it was 'thank you'—and Rupert stood there for a bit, sort of talking, and then he suddenly remembered and told Uncle Clarence that you had just phoned that you were coming down, and I think Uncle Clarence must have got a touch of cramp, because he gave a groan and sort of quivered all over. This made the steps wabble, of course, so Rupert dashed forward to steady them, and he doesn't know how it happened but they suddenly seemed to shut up like a pair of scissors, and the next thing we knew Uncle Clarence was sitting on the grass, not seeming to like it much. He had ricked his ankle a bit and shaken himself up a bit, and altogether he wasn't fearfully sunny. Rupert may have lost ground a little."

Freddie pondered with knit brows.

"It's such a pity it should have happened. One of the county tax collectors here has just been told by the doctor that he's got to retire. If only Rupert could have had that, we could have got married. However, he's bought Uncle Clarence some lotion."

Freddie started. "Lotion?"

"For his ankle."

"He couldn't have done better," said Freddie warmly. "Apart from showing the contrite heart, he has given the guv'nor medicine, and medicine to the guv'nor is what catnip is to the cat. Above all things, he dearly loves amateur doctoring."

In predicting that Lord Emsworth would appreciate the gift of lotion, Freddie had spoken with an unerring knowledge of his father's character. The master of Blandings was one of those fluffy-minded old gentlemen who are happiest when experimenting with strange drugs. In a less censorious age he would have been a Borgia. It was not until he had retired to bed that he discovered the paper-wrapped bottle on the table by his side. Then he remembered that Popjoy had mumbled something at dinner about buying him something for his ankle. He examined the contents of the bottle with satisfaction. The liquid was a dingy grey. The name on the label—Blake's Balsam—was new to him.

More Balsam

HIS ankle had long since ceased to pain him, and to some men this might have seemed an argument against smearing it with balsam; but not to Lord Emsworth. He decanted a liberal dose into the palm of his hand. It had a strong, bracing smell. He spent the next five minutes thoughtfully rubbing it in.

Waking at a quarter to two from dreams of being burned at the stake by Red Indians, Lord Emsworth found himself suffering acute pain in the right leg.

Nature has made some men quicker thinkers than others. Lord Emsworth's was one of those leisurely brains. It was not until nearly four o'clock that the truth came home to him. When it did, he was just on the point of applying a fifth coating of the balsam to his leg. He hobbled to the cold-water tap and put as much of himself under it as he could manage.

The relief was perceptible, but transitory. At five he was out again, and once more at half past. At a quarter to six, succeeding in falling asleep, he enjoyed a slumber, somewhat disturbed by the intermittent biting of sharks, which lasted until a few minutes past eight. Then he woke as if an alarm clock had rung.

He rose from his bed and peered out of the window. It was a beautiful morning.

Beyond the terrace, glittering through the trees, gleamed the waters of the lake. They seemed to call to him like a bugle. Although he had neglected the practice of late, there was nothing Lord Emsworth enjoyed more than a before-breakfast dip, and today, anything in the nature of water had a particularly powerful appeal for him. The pain in his ankle had subsided by now to a dull throbbing, and it seemed to him that a swim might remove it altogether. Putting on a dressing gown and slippers, he took his bathing suit and went downstairs.

Only when the pleasurable agony of the first plunge had passed and he was floating out in mid-water did Lord Emsworth realise that in some extraordinary way he had overlooked what was beyond dispute the best thing that this perfect morning had to offer him. Gazing from his bedroom window, he had observed the sun, the shadows, the birds, the trees and the insects, but he had omitted to appreciate the fact that nowhere in this magic world that stretched before him was there a trace of his young guest, Popjoy. For the first time in two weeks he appeared to be happily alone.

Spasm of Happiness

HE kicked sportively in a spasm of pure happiness. But this, he felt, was not enough. It failed to express his full happiness. To the beatitude of this golden moment only music, that mystic language of the soul, really could do justice. The next moment, there had cut quivering into the Summer stillness a sudden sharp wail that seemed to tell of a human being in distress. It was the voice of Lord Emsworth, raised in song.

It was a gruesome sound, calculated to startle the stoutest. Rupert Bingham, standing behind the rhododendron bushes and wondering how long it would be before the girl he loved came to keep her tryst, started violently, tore off his coat, rushed to the water's edge.

Out in the middle of the lake, Lord Emsworth's transports continued undiminished. His dancing feet kicked up a flurry of foam. His voice rose to a scream.

"Love me," sang Lord Emsworth, "and the wo-o-orld is—ah—miyun!"

"It's all right," said a voice in his ear. "Keep cool. Keep quite cool."

Intolerable Injury

HE raged with a sense of intolerable injury. Was it not enough that this porous plaster of a young man should dog his steps on shore? Must he even pursue him out into the waste of waters and come fooling about and pawing at him when he was enjoying the best swim he had had that Summer? With a sharp, passionate snort, Lord Emsworth extracted his right hand from the foam, clenched it, drew it back and let it go.

He could have made no more imprudent move. If there was one thing Rupert Bingham, who in his time had swum for Oxford, knew, it was what to do when drowning men struggled. Something that might have been a very hard and knobbly leg of mutton smote Lord Emsworth behind the ear; the sun was turned off at the main; the stars came out; there was a sound of rushing waters, and he knew no more.

When Lord Emsworth came to himself, he was in bed. And, as it seemed a very good place to be, he remained there. His head ached abominably, but he scarcely noticed this, so occupied was he with the thoughts that surged inside it. He mused on young Popjoy, he meditated on Sir Gregory Parsloe-Parsloe, and wondered from time to time which he disliked the more. The door opened and the Honorable Freddie Threepwood insinuated himself into the room.

"I say, guv'nor."

"Well, Frederick?"

"Narrow squeak, that, you know."

"Bah!"

"Do you wish to thank your brave preserver?"

Lord Emsworth plucked at the coverlet.

"If that young man comes near me," he said, "I will not be answerable for the consequences."

"Eh?" Freddie stared. "Don't you like him?"

"Like him? I think he is the most appalling young man I ever met."

"I say, guv'nor."

"Well, Frederick?"

"That's all very well, you know, guv'nor," said the Honorable Freddie, returning to draw moral support from the feel of the bed-rail, "but after what's happened it looks to me as if you were jolly well bound to lend your countenance to the union, if you know what I mean?"

"Union? What are you talking about?"

"Why, Gertrude and old Beefers, of course."

"Who is old Beefers?"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you about that. This bird Popjoy's name isn't Popjoy. It's Bingham. Old Beefy Bingham. You know—the fellow Aunt Georgie doesn't want to marry Gertrude."

"Eh?"

"Throw your mind back. They pushed her off to Blandings to keep her out of his way. And I had the idea of sending him down here incog. to ingratiate himself with you. The scheme being that, when you learned to love him, you would slip him a job, thus enabling them to get married."

Lord Emsworth did not speak. It was not so much the shock of this revelation that kept him dumb as the astounding discovery that any man could really want to marry Gertrude and any girl this Popjoy. Like many a thinker before him, he was feeling that there is really no limit to the eccentricity of human tastes. The thing made his head swim.

The Tables Turn

BUT, when it had ceased swimming, he perceived that this was but one aspect of the affair. Before him stood the man who had inflicted Popjoy on him, and, with something of King Lear in his demeanor, Lord Emsworth rose slowly from the pillows. Words trembled on his lips, but he rejected them as not strong enough and sought in his mind for others.

"You know, guv'nor," proceeded Freddie, "there's nothing to prevent you doing the square thing and linking two young hearts in the bonds of the love god, if you want to. I mean, old Braithwaite at Much Matchingham has been ordered to retire by his doctor, so there's a job that you've got to slip to somebody."

Lord Emsworth sank back on the pillows. "Much Matchingham!"

"Oh, dash it, you must know Much Matchingham, guv'nor. Where old Parsloe-Parsloe lives."

"Much Matchingham!"

Lord Emsworth was blinking, as if his eyes had seen a dazzling light. How wrong he felt, how wickedly mistaken and lacking in faith he had been when he had said to himself in his folly that Providence offers no method of retaliation to the just whose pig men have been persuaded by humanity's dregs to leave their employment and seek advanced wages elsewhere. Conscience could not bring remorse to Sir Gregory Parsloe-Parsloe, and the law, in its imperfect state, was powerless to punish. But there was still a way. With this young man Popjoy—or Bingham—or whatever his name was, poking his nose into everything, would Sir Parsloe-Parsloe ever draw another really free breath? From his brief, but sufficient, acquaintance with Popjoy—Lord Emsworth thought not. The punishment was severe, but who could say that Sir Gregory had not earned it?

"A most admirable idea," said Lord Emsworth cordially. "Certainly I will give your friend the job."

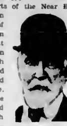
"You will?"

"Most decidedly."

"At-a-boy, guv'nor!" said Freddie. "Came the dawn"

Lord D'Abernon Sees Great Improvement In Five Years

LORD D'Abernon is one of the most remarkable men of our time. He is remembered in Turkey and Egypt as a financial authority; in other parts of the Near East as an administrator; in Athens as the author of a grammar of modern Greek, which is in use at the University there; in Germany as the British Ambassador who served his country with marked success at a critical time, and in England as the chairman of the Board of Liquor Control, which sent a wave of temperance over the country without introducing the evils which have followed prohibition in America, as a keen sportsman, and as a tactful, sensible and well-balanced gentleman.



LORD D'ABERNON

Lord D'Abernon's experiences of foreign affairs is as remarkable as that of the famous Lord Dufferin. His most difficult task was undoubtedly that with which he was faced in June, 1920, when Lord Curzon invited him to undertake the post of Ambassador to Berlin. Did he know German well? inquired Lord Curzon. "No," replied Lord D'Abernon. "I am able to read German, but have no knowledge sufficient to carry on a discussion in that language." The language, however, seemed to have presented no difficulty, for the following day, D'Abernon, at the age of sixty-three, was appointed to one of the most difficult posts a British diplomat has ever been asked to fill.

The story of his post-war experiences as a diplomat Lord D'Abernon tells for us in "An Ambassador of Peace," the first volume of which has just been published.

The ordinary reader will probably find Lord D'Abernon's personal sketches of his fellow diplomats and statesmen the most interesting, but there are one or two passages which all of us—whether we are interested in politics or not—would do well to consider. Thus, it is Lord D'Abernon's opinion that since the war the cause of peace has, in Europe, at any rate, materially progressed:

"Anyone who will contrast the condition of public opinion in Western Europe today with that which prevailed from 1920 to 1923 will realise how vast the progress has been. It would be rash to assert that permanent pacification has been insured; but a real improvement of the immediate situation has been achieved, while the prospect for the more distant future is far less menacing than it appeared a few years ago. A stronger claim might indeed be advanced, without overstatement."

Lord D'Abernon has an intense admiration for the Germans of today, of whom he tells us:

"Their capacity for work may be remarkable, but it is not more remarkable than their capacity for late hours heavily charged with meat and drink. Officials and business men will sit up till three and four in the morning night after night, either talking or playing cards or dancing, and will accompany these occupations with copious libations. Yet next morning at nine o'clock, or earlier, they will be at their office ready to do justice to a day's task."

And that—

"The German is exceptionally tolerant of pain. Not only does he bear pain stoically, but he apparently feels it less than men of other races. Medical students who have studied in German hospitals testify that the capacity of patients to endure suffering is far greater than in England or France."

There are several good stories of the former Kaiser's bed temper. The following was told to Lord D'Abernon by Rathenau, who met a tragic fate soon afterwards:

"Rathenau once asked a high official of the imperial regime: 'How do you manage to keep the Kaiser in such a good temper?' The official replied: 'His majesty delights in explaining mechanical contrivances, such as a clock or a compass, or a barometer. I keep a special barometer, and whenever the Emperor comes I ask him to explain how it works, saying that I have forgotten what he told me last time. He gives an admirable exposition; this puts him in an excellent temper, and he signs the documents I put before him'."

Students of war will be interested to learn that "If Bethmann-Hollweg had had any brains, even at the end of July, he would have said to England 'We will make a free alliance,' or he would have said to Russia 'What you do at Constantinople doesn't concern us.' In either of these cases there would have been no war."

"The Farmers' King" Had Difficulty in Getting First Hearing

H. W. WOOD, who was recently re-elected for the fourteenth term as president of the United Farmers of Alberta, and who as chairman of the Canadian Council of agriculture, and head of the Wheat Pool, has become a national figure, did not break into the limelight of the United Farmers of Alberta councils until that organization had been in existence for several years. Mr. Wood hails from Missouri, and is one of those people who want to be shown. So while he attended the big meetings as delegate from the local at Carstairs, he held his peace.

But then his day came. Attending a big meeting at Red Deer, his companion was surprised to hear Mr. Wood say, "I am going to speak to this." He got to his feet. But Mr. Baker, vice-president of the U.F.A., who was presiding, failed to notice the big stranger. After standing up three times without avail, Mr. Wood, in that powerful voice which has since become so familiar, roared in exasperation: "If you don't notice me I will speak from my seat." He was heard and has been noticed ever since. In fact, he is sometimes nicknamed "The Farmers' King."

SILVER-TONGUED CANADIAN PREACHER INSPIRES NEW YORK'S "FOUR HUNDRED"

By MURIEL BREWSTER



Robert Norwood, who says Canadians regard him as a "heretic," preaches to huge congregations comprised of wealthy New York society people in the palatial edifice of St. Bartholomew's Church, which is located at the corner of Park Avenue and Fifty-First Street, New York.

"THERE is something the matter with your singing this morning. I don't know what it is, but having listened while the choir sang two hymns, we will now sing another—number fifty-six. And sing it as though you were stretching every nerve——"

The organ reverberated encouragingly and the congregation obeyed—

"Awake my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on——"

A meeting-house congregation, in a village chapel? Not at all—a large, reverent, fur-coated, grey-spatted assemblage of New York's Four Hundred, gathered in cushioned pews within the noble walls of St. Bartholemew's Church, on Park Avenue at Fifty-First Street, at a Lenten noonday service. And the voice that upbraided them from the pulpit was that of a Canadian—a voice that is making itself heard with remarkable clarity above the din, physical and spiritual, that is New York today—the voice of Robert Norwood, poet, priest and prophet.

After the nerve-stretching hymn, sung with noticeable increase of vigor, but still with the burden resting mostly on the full choir, whose feminine members wear soft blue caps and sing like angels, Dr. Norwood preached. As it happened to be a Sunday in mid-Lent, he chose for his subject the Resurrection. He would. This silver-tongued son of Canada who, like so many of his fellow-countrymen, is doing his great work in the Republic instead of the Dominion, is not bound by any law but that of the spirit. So, on that rainy Lenten Monday—while the inauguration ceremonies were going drippingly forward in Washington—he preached about eternal life, and as his voice rang out, the atmosphere of St. Bartholemew's was suddenly alight with a radiance that did not emanate from the chandeliers, beautiful though they are, shaped like swinging, golden censers. It was the light of truth, and hope, and everlasting certainty. Listening, I no longer wondered that Robert Norwood's name is spoken, after only four years in his present parish, wherever New Yorkers gather to talk of the pathfinders who are blazing the trail for a new conception of life.

If you were to meet Dr. Norwood disguised as Lawrence of Arabia, in the middle of the Libyan desert, you would know that he came of Irish stock, and that he was an iconoclast. His father, as a matter of fact, was a New Englander, who ran away to sea via the port of Boston, and later on took holy orders. It was while he was rector of Christ Church, in Lunenburg County, Nova Scotia, that Robert was born, on March 27, 1874. The Norwoods were a restless family, and moved frequently from place to place, giving the young poet a succession of picture-memories which were later on to provide the substance for some of his most powerful dramatic works. He was very young when he made his decision to enter the Church, and after a rather desultory education combined with wide and intensive reading, he entered King's College, where, after his irregular training, he found it difficult to pass the examinations. But even then it was observed that he had a genuine gift for oratory.

His first church was a mission in a fishing village of Cape Breton, after which he took over his father's church at Hubbard's Cove, near Halifax. A second Nova Scotia parish, followed by a graduate course at Columbia University in New York, and a curate's post in an American industrial parish, which familiarised him with further aspects of the business of being a parson, prepared him for his first Canadian call, which was to be assistant rector of Trinity Church in Montreal. Here he first began to come into his own, and the power of his oratory drew great crowds to hear him. He left Montreal to become the rector of Cronyn Memorial Church in London, Ontario, where he stayed five years, during which time his first important book of poems was published. And then Canada lost him—as Canada has an unfortunate habit of doing!

In 1919 he migrated to St. Paul's Church, Philadelphia. Four years ago he accepted the call to one of New York's most important and significant churches, St. Bartholemew's, which stands in the geographic centre of what has come to be the wealthiest and most exclusive district of America's great city.

Why? Robert Norwood is a great orator, truly, but so are other preachers in the United States. He is utterly sincere as a Christian—so, probably, are many of his fellow workers. Why, then, has this comparatively young Canadian been chosen for this task, in which he functions not only as a religious focal point, but also as the centre of a community activity that is in itself a surprising thing to discover as a part of a fashionable church organization. A visit to his study solved certain of these mysteries—

"In Canada they say I am a heretic," he said, with what can only be described as a chuckle. "But what I'm really trying to accomplish in my work as rector of St. Bartholemew's is to re-establish the basic truths of Christianity that have been buried so long under a veil of fictions and dogmas having little or nothing to do with the teachings of Christ. These things are so simple that most of us have forgotten all about them. The fact that people come to hear me—a surprising number of them at times!—is the best proof that I must be telling them something they really want to hear."

Then abruptly he swung off to the subject of the younger generation—"They are the ones that count! That's why the work of our community house is so close to my heart, and so vitally important. The old parish house that used to stand on the site of the present community house was a refuge, for tramps and down-and-outs. In the old days, of course, that was what was needed, but our work here and now is not concerned so much with the down-and-outs as with the down-and-ups! The cosmic tramps! Young people who question, who have grown up in this new age of scientific knowledge, uncovering of mysteries, skeptisism, denial of all dogmatic forms of religion—these are the ones I want to reach, and to satisfy, and to hold for the true Christianity, the simple, fundamental Christianity, based on the teachings of Jesus, which freely permits of questioning, skepticism and experimentalising."

Dr. Norwood understands these things because, as he freely confesses, he, too, has been an agnostic and a skeptic—but the very thing he now preaches pulled him back to a faith that is itself true freedom of the soul when it is understood as he has come to understand it, and to apply it in his work among the young New Yorkers who mean so much to him. St. Bartholemew's community house is a story in itself, but one rather unusual feature may be briefly mentioned. "The House of Self-Discovery." This is a modern school for very little children; not the poor, nor the rich, as these classes are already provided for by free clinics and by very expensive institutions, but the middle class. The school is managed by experts according to the methods newly established by psychical research towards the untramelled development of the pre-school child. It is very similar to the experiment being carried on so successfully on St. George Street, Toronto. Robert Norwood is working hand in hand with all the forces of the new age. We talked about science, about oriental mysticism, about psychology, about business. He has a fingertip on the vital point of every question, and is proud of the fact that while the old parish house had been sold for a quarter of a million dollars—the ground having developed an unbelievable value with the shifting centres of the city—the new community house had cost only seven hundred thousand dollars to build, leaving a surplus for the final perfecting of the church, which still contains a structure of scaffolding on both sides of the altar, hiding the beautiful memorial windows.

When I remarked on Dr Norwood's youthful appearance, he laughed and said that true spiritual belief enabled its holder to transcend the aging of the body—which brought up the Fourth Dimension and Claude Bragdon, leading naturally on to the subject of the theatre, when it was disclosed that a drama by Dr. Norwood, "The Witch of Endor," was produced during Easter week in the community house theatre under the direction of a gifted young Canadian actor, Leonard Young. Mr. Young, Dr. Norwood explained, "is only one of a number of clever young Canadians to whom I have been able to give a certain guidance and help in their work." He told me of other such cases, one of special interest, a Canadian student in science at Columbia, who has made such a brilliant success that he is being sent to Germany by the university authorities to do special post-graduate study. "It's great, you know, when they turn out like that," he said enthusiastically. "And they nearly always do!"

At this point, secretaries, armed with papers, bore down upon him, and the odyssey of young Canada in New York was interrupted. But I was oddly reminded, as I made my way out through the empty, shadowy church—cool and quiet, but still vibrant with the Norwood personality—of Rupert Brooke's poem, in which he says that in whatever corner of the earth his body may finally rest, that spot will be "forever England." There is something about Robert Norwood that will be forever Canada—the Canada of wide, open spaces, of lofty mountains, and of an undreamed, immeasurable future.

Head of U. S. Steel at Fifteen Started to Work in Mill

HALF a century of work and experience have been packed into the life of James A. Farrell, president of the United States Steel Corporation, and its chief executive officer under the new arrangement by which J. P. Morgan becomes chairman of the board. Fifty years ago, at the age of fifteen, Mr. Farrell got his first job in a wire mill in New Haven. Today, not quite sixty-five, he is directly responsible for the management of a two-and-a-half-billion-dollar corporation.

Farrell's story, although he would be the last to admit it, holds more than the usual tale of personal growth and advancement. There is the tang of the sea about it, the adventure of uncharted lands, the call of the unknown. For although Mr. Farrell today spends most of his time in his office at 71 Broadway, he nevertheless sails the seas and talks seamen's talk and walks the decks and visits strange shores. It is the attraction the sea holds for him that in large measure is responsible for his success. The influence of its call is an inheritance.

James Farrell was a little over fifteen when his father set out on a voyage from which he never returned. The care of the family fell upon the young boy and inasmuch as an immediate income was necessary he got a job in the wire mills of the Connecticut city he was born and brought up in, New Haven. He stayed at this work until he was nineteen, learning all he could about wire making and wire drawing. Feeling that there was greater opportunity for growth and advancement in Pittsburgh, which then, as now, was the United States' main steel city, he left New Haven and became one of the large, grimy army of steel workers of the fascinating grimy metropolis. His first job there was that of wire drawer with the Oliver Wire Company.

Those were the days of twelve-hour shifts and muscle-testing work under trying heat. Yet in spite of wearisome physical labor the brain of young Farrell remained lively and alert. The death of his father had brought his schooling to a close, and that he regretted with all his heart. The vanished prospect of a seafaring life he also regretted. But he wasted no time in repining. He devoted what few hours of daily freedom he had to reading and study, getting from books some gratification of instincts that his occupation and environment did not yield. He began traveling on paper, making maps, studying seaports, harbors, their soundings, their cargoes, their exports, their imports.

Four years after he entered the employ of the Oliver Wire Company he became foreman of one of the mills, supervising the work of 300 men. A strange accident shifted him from the production department to the selling, and within a few years he had risen to be general manager. It was during his connection with this organization that he began journeying to foreign ports—in fancy—with steel.

James A. Farrell was one of the first steel men in the United States to appreciate the possibility of developing foreign markets. His foresight and his capacity were brought to a crucial test in 1893. It was the year of the panic. Buyers were holding off, fearful of giving orders lest the price should drop. In spite of the general depression of the steel market, Farrell sold half of the plant's production to foreign buyers, a feat unequaled in salesmanship that year. Not the least important work on its programme was the capturing of foreign markets. The obvious man for this project was Farrell, he automatically became the head of this department.

In 1899 a new company, called the American Steel and Wire Company of New Jersey, now a subsidiary of the United States Steel Corporation, bought a controlling interest in the Pittsburgh Wire Company. James Farrell thought of quitting and organizing a company of his own, but a telephone call from the head of the new outfit, John W. Gates, offering him the post of foreign sales agent of the American Steel and Wire Company, changed his mind. In February, 1899, he went to New York and began manoeuvring ships and steel for the new organization. Two years later, in 1901, the United States Steel Corporation was formed.

There were a number of companies in the corporation, each with a foreign sales division. There was overlapping and duplication. To Farrell, the steel man, and Farrell, the inhibited sea captain, this seemed a woeful lack of intelligence and system. It spelled waste in time, in costs, in cargoes. Neither a good business man nor a good skipper handled goods in this manner. It did not take long for the rest of the members of the steel board to see the matter in the same light as he, and 1903, foreign business having expanded, the United States Steel Products Company was organised as a new subsidiary of the corporation and Farrell was made its president. From that time on he advanced steadily up to his present position.

Many people think that access to Mr Farrell is difficult. It is, unless he is assured that something constructive can come out of the time he gives to the caller. Yet no old salt in from a voyage ever fails to get into the Farrell office for a talk on ships and seas and cargoes. For the hobby of this tall, grey-haired, blue-eyed quiet man is the same as his department business hitherto—ships. He sails as owner what is probably the last square-rigger on the Atlantic, the Tusitala. He delights to climb aboard and sail as far as his spare time will allow. When he is at work he does not let her lie idle. She roams the seas, manned by a crew of young Americans, touching ports which her owner, for lack of time, cannot visit. She reported outbound from Seattle a short time ago. It will take her ninety days to make the home port, and on each of those ninety days Mr. Farrell will know where she is.—New York Times.

Was Sure No Liberal of That Kind Did Exist

A FEW years ago in Alberta there was a general reshuffling of political affiliations. Out of the new mold came ardent Farmers who formerly were Liberals or Conservatives, and among the made-over Tories was Hon. George Hoadley, who became Minister of Agriculture in the U.F.A. Government formed by Hon. Mr. Greenfield, now Alberta Government Agent in London.

Mr Hoadley is one of the cleverest debaters in the Alberta House, and often his former old line party experience is turned to good effect. A case in point happened during the past session.

It was during Mr Hoadley's introduction of a bill calling for the establishment of a board of control. In detailing the appointments to this board he cited several well-known U.F.A. workers and a number of prominent Alberta Conservatives, but no Liberals.

This was too much for one of the northern Liberal members, and thinking to twit the Minister of Agriculture, ventured to say "And cannot the honorable gentleman think of some good qualified Liberal that would make a suitable member of this board?"

There was a pause. A twinkle came into Mr. Hoadley's eyes and a smile appeared as he answered back:

"No, I really cannot think of any such Liberal."

"He's been over twenty minutes saying grace."

"Don't interfere—perhaps he's praying for strength to meet the bill!"

Baron Atholstan Must Have Absolute Accuracy

HUGH GRAHAM, Baron Atholstan, owner of The Montreal Star, the man who came to Montreal sixty-five years ago at the age of fifteen and six years later, with a capital of one hundred dollars and his own astute brain, started what is today one of the most flourishing newspapers in the metropolis, has reached an age when most men are content to stand at ease and let affairs drift into younger and sturdier hands. Not so Baron Atholstan. On December 21 last year he was desperately sick, confined to his bed, assiduously guarded from harm by a bevy of physicians and nurses, and supposed to be very far removed from the petty affairs of the world.



BARON ATHOLSTAN

Came 2 30 p.m., and the first edition of his journal was on sale.

"Get me a paper," breathed the invalid.

The attendant nurse was surprised that he took even this much interest, but a paper was procured and dismay followed when he insisted upon reading it himself.

"Pass me the phone," he ordered.

The nurse demurred.

"Pass me the phone," he repeated.

And, fearful of overexciting him, the girl obeyed.

Having secured his number and his man the weak voice took on a sarcastic tone.

"You've a story here," he coldly observed, "that today is the shortest day of the present year. That, oddly enough, is true. But you also attempt to give its exact difference in length from yesterday.

"Since it is notorious that people entirely devoid of brain are rarely gifted with memory I am surprised that you do not realise the necessity for your looking up these little details."

He then stated the actual difference in the length of the two days, making the printed statement wrong some eight or nine seconds.

"It's my paper," Lord Atholstan concluded with heat, "and I'm not going to allow an inaccuracy.

"Be kind enough to make a note of it this time and run a correction in the next edition."

Stoneman Stood Firm And Finally Won Reward

FEW men in Western Canada can show a record of achievement such as that of John A. Stoneman, former president of the Saskatchewan branch of the United Farmers of Canada, and recently appointed member of the Board of Railway Commissioners. His achievements are not of the sort such as yield big financial kudos, but form a record of service to the agricultural interests of his adopted province such as few men can show. He is, in every sense of the word, a big man, and predictions that he would rise to heights of eminence are only partly fulfilled by the recent honor conferred upon him.



JOHN A. STONEMAN

Coming West in 1902, when things were still "wild and woolly," he homesteaded in the Mortlach district, near Moose Jaw. The setbacks, hardships and general difficulties of a homesteader's life were his daily portion. To be short of cash was a chronic condition, and hard work seemed to be rewarded by disappointments. Still he stuck with the game. He gradually broke up his land, began to feel his feet, and, displaying the caution which is such a noticeable trait in his character, extended his holdings and branched out into ranching activities.

When the war came he was in a position to take advantage of the inflated prices of wheat and cattle, and he solidified his position greatly so that the difficult days in the aftermath of war found him with a reserve on which to base his operations.

Once he saw daylight ahead of him he began to take an interest in the many problems which faced the prairie farmer and, a man of strong convictions, he was an advocate of co-operation as the "open sesame" for the ills of agriculture. He dreamed such an organization as the Wheat Pool and did not hesitate to forecast the formation of a great co-operative selling agency, with the result that those in his district began to take notice of a man who was obviously a leader.

His first public position came in 1924, when he was appointed a director of the old Farmers' Union. His executive ability was soon apparent, and he was given fitting tribute next year when he was elected president.

In his presidential capacity he had far greater scope to broadcast his idea that the only way in which farmers could hope to attain a degree of independence was via the co-operative route. He honestly deprecated the fact that there should be two such organisations in the province as the Farmers' Union and the Saskatchewan Grain Growers, and using all his influence, assisted by several other Westerners who were just as firm in their beliefs, he saw the Saskatchewan branch of the United Farmers an accomplished fact in 1926. Mr. Stoneman was placed on the board of directors, to be chosen president out of the thousands of members at the 1927 convention at Moose Jaw.

The manner in which the U.F.C. grew under his leadership in the two years he was at the helm is history. Barring the Wheat Pool his organization became the biggest in the province, and the educational methods he instituted have contributed largely to the emancipation of the farmer from the so-called "hick" to the recognized position of big business. The Western farmer's viewpoint has changed, and much of the credit for this must be given to John A. Stoneman and to his able assistant, W Moss Thrasher, until recently secretary of the U.F.C. No longer does the farmer envy the man with the white collar, no longer does he think of the superiority of the town dweller, no longer does he suffer from that inferiority complex which held him down for so long. He has been taught that the problems which face him are peculiarly his own, and that he is the man who must solve them with the assistance of men chosen from within the ranks of agriculture. The U.F.C. is responsible for this, and particularly their past president.

Late in 1928 came Mr. Stoneman's greatest opportunity. It has always been the consensus of opinion among farmers that they were robbed of the real value of their grain through mixing and other evils, and at the insistent demand of the U.F.C., the Provincial Government of Saskatchewan last Fall appointed a royal grain inquiry commission which had full powers to follow the question of the handling of grain to its final destination. Three men were appointed to this commission, which had a roving commission and vast scope. One was an eminent jurist, who would bring the trained, open-minded, legal viewpoint; another was a recognized agriculturist, whose academic knowledge was considered essential to such a commission, and the third man was chosen from the actual ranks of agriculture. This man was Stoneman, and by this official recognition he gained his greatest honor.

His work on the commission, which is still following the elusive question of what happens to wheat, is said to be outstanding. He revealed himself a bigger man than his friends thought and a more capable one than his enemies—few as they are—acknowledged.

He was born at London, Ontario, in 1875. His education was not neglected, but he did not study very long, his knowledge being based on hard-won experience, innate ability, concentration to the matter in hand and a desire to lift the farmers of the Prairies from the slough of despond in which they struggled so long. The West is proud of him. Like most successful men, he paid for what he got and got nothing without hard work.

"In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," sang Tennyson. Nowadays, of course, he's wondering where his car instalment is coming from.

Mother—You were a good girl not to throw your banana skins down in the train. Did you put them in your bag?

Joan—No, I put them in the pocket of the gentleman sitting next to me!

Solving Mysteries of Early American Civilization

A SPECIAL exhibition of the objects acquired by the British Museum Expedition to British Honduras last year is now open to the public in the Assyrian Basement of the British Museum, London. The members of this expedition, Captain Gruning, Dr. T. Gann and Mr R. Clive-Smith, met in Belize the capital of the colony, at the end of February. The site selected for development was a group of ruins of which rumors had been heard in 1926 but which had not been actually located until the latter part of 1927, when Mr. Mason, of Belize, while engaged in cutting a tractor road through the bush for the removal of mahogany, hit on the site. It is situated between the Pusilha and Joventud branches of the Mojo River, in the extreme south of the colony, and near the Guatemalan border.

The Governor, Sir John Burdon, placed his launch Patricia at the disposal of the party for the journey to Punta Gorda. From here the party proceeded in canoes up the Mojo River as far as Flour Camp, beyond which navigation is impossible. Horses and mules were sent overland to this point and Indian carriers collected to convey baggage to the ruins. After clearing the virgin bush in which the ruins are buried, it was found that the main site consisted of a rectangular court, surrounded by pyramidal mounds, with a number of sculptured stone "stelae."

Gods and Priests

EACH of these seems to have borne, on one side, the figure of a god or priest, and, on the other, a dated inscription. All had fallen, and most were broken, probably by falling trees; but the style of sculpture shows that they belong to the early Maya period, and the dated inscriptions provide ample confirmation. These inscriptions, so far as deciphered, prove that the site was occupied continuously for at least a century and a half. The correlation of Maya dating with European chronology is still a matter of dispute, but, according to the system accepted provisionally in England, these dates run from A.D. 45 to A.D. 202. The earliest of these, a remarkably fine example of Maya sculpture, is now on exhibition in the Museum.

Though the work of the expedition was rather in the nature of a preliminary survey, results of great importance were achieved. Three of the "stelae" and two important fragments were transported through the dense bush to the coast and shipped to England. Paper molds were made of the inscriptions on six of the others, and casts from these are on exhibition. Some of the inscriptions are unusually long, and the amount of new material provided will be invaluable for the elucidation of the Maya hieroglyphic script. The preparation of the molds was no easy matter, owing to constant rain, which seriously retarded the drying of the paper. The transport of the originals, weighing many hundred pounds, was even more difficult. Fortunately there was a mahogany camp not many miles distant, and Mr. Lee Pearce, the concessionnaire, lent a tractor for the purpose. Excavation was carried out in certain promising localities, and a number of caves in the neighborhood were earmarked for future investigation.

A Romantic Incident

ONE of the latter appears to be a pottery dump, and a tentative survey produced fragments of the finest painted Maya ware, and so provides admirable promise for future intensive exploration. Many of these fragments can be pieced together, and the exhibition contains some remarkable examples of polychrome ware belonging to the best Maya period. Quantities of stone implements were discovered, including "eccentric" flints and obsidians, the larger deposits beneath the "stelae." The finest object in stone was a limestone mask, discovered in a burial, which has a romantic history. It was found by a native workman who was digging without supervision, and he simply pocketed it. To all intents and purposes it was lost. But an earthquake, a very rare phenomenon in this region, occurred the same night. So, believing that the ancient gods were displeased by his action, he surrendered the object next day.

A short trip was made in exploration of the subterranean caves through which the Sibun River runs; and another to the caves on the Upper Belize River, in the neighborhood of the little outlying settlement of Benque Viejo, in the Cayo district, conducted by Captain Gruning, was successful in results.

The work of last season indicates that the new site between the Pusilha and Joventud Rivers promises important results. It belongs to an early phase of the Early Maya Empire, and intensive exploration may shed a great deal of light on the origin and development of this mysterious culture, which technically belongs to the Stone Age, in so far as metal appears to have been absolutely unknown.

High Artistic Quality

THE pottery shows high artistic quality, and a further examination of the cave, which seems to have been used as a rubbish heap, will, it is hoped, afford some indication of successive "styles" in the ceramic art. It is important that the stone monuments, some of which show inscriptions of unusual length, should be removed before they become so weathered as to be illegible. With these ends in view, the trustees of the Museum sent another expedition to the site at the end of January. This is being conducted by Captain T. A. Joyce, deputy keeper of the Department of Ethnography, supported by Captain Gruning, Dr. Gann and Mr. Ashton.

The Museum has practically no funds which it can devote to exploration, and so far expeditions have relied on a small grant from the Colony and public subscriptions. The Director of the Museum has issued an appeal to the public for financial support, emphasizing the fact that funds contributed will be applied to the archaeological investigation of a British colony (the first to have invited the co-operation of the British Museum), there security of tenure and official assistance is assured. It is hoped that a sum sufficient for a series of expeditions may be raised. The colony includes sites of all periods of Maya culture, and there is no doubt that within the boundaries of a British colony an adequately equipped series of expeditions could produce results of paramount importance to the elucidation of the puzzling history of American civilization. Britain has done much for Egypt, Mesopotamia, Greece and Rome. It can do as much for America within its own far-flung colonies.

Plane Jumping Kills Superstition

DARING aviators, falling from airplanes flying at great heights, have "killed" two old superstitions as a result of experiments in parachute jumping at Wilbur Wright field, the Unites States army experimental aircraft station, near Dayton Ohio. The superstitions which received their death-





Left—Poised on the wing of a high-soaring airplane, the daring flyer, with his safety parachute strapped on, awaits the pilot's signal for the leap into space. Above—An aviator making a "pull off" jump. In a moment his parachute will open and waft him safely to the earth.

blow when flyers began jumping from airplanes were:

First, that a person falling from a high building would lose consciousness because of the great speed at which he fell, and,

Second, thet, because of the same speed, he would be dead before he struck the ground.

Man has been going along for generations believing the two superstitions about unconsciousness and death resulting from long falls, and accepting the law of acceleration, with some vague corrections to allow for wind and resistance. It took the invention of the airplane and the parachute to correct them. These two superstitions received their deathblow when Lieut. Harold R. Harris, the first man to make an emergency parachute jump from a disabled plane, dropped 2,000 feet through the air and still was conscious enough to pull the rip-cord ring of his 'chute and come safely down to earth. Lieutenant Harris wasn't deliberately trying to disprove enything. With a companion in another pursuit plane, he was staging a mock fight above the Dayton field when, after a dive, his plane fell apart at 2,500 feet above the ground.

Lieutenant Harris cast off his safety belt and jumped. He fell headfirst, tumbling through space for hundreds of feet, until his parachute finally snapped open 500 feet above the ground and brought him gently to earth. The reason for the long fall, as he explained it later, was:

"After clearing the ship I attempted to operate the parachute rip cord, but was unable to locate the ring for a considerable time on account of repeatedly grasping the leg-strap fitting, thinking it was the release ring. I made three attempts before the ring was finally located, and I believe that during this time my body was spinning, head downward, as I distinctly remember looking at my feet three times, with the knowledge that they were pointing toward the sky.

"An interesting feature of the fall, from the time I left the ship until the parachute opened, was thet my mental faculties were perfectly active and perfect control was maintained of my arms and legs in spite of the rapidity of descent. I felt no conscious fear at any time during the accident or during the descent."

Since Lieutenant Harris jumped, dozens of other flyers have purposely leaped from planes and delayed pulling the rip cord until they had fallen 1,500 to 2,000 feet. Not one of them lost consciousness, nor did any of them die.

Aviators who have made parachute leaps say that there is no perceptible delay after the rip cord is pulled until the parachute opens. However, since the length of the 'chute is about fifty feet, and since the jumper must fall at least that far before the 'chute is fully out of the pack, in which it is normally kept, it is impossible to make live jumps at less than 100 feet above the ground. Contrary to public opinion, when the rip cord is pulled, the parachute is not pulled away from the wearer; the pilot chute, springing open, acts as an anchor in the air, holding the top of the 'chute almost stationary while the jumper falls away from it.

As a result of the experiments in parachute jumping scientists now say that certain laws governing the acceleration of falling bodies will have to be revised, at least so far as their practical application is concerned.

"Theoretically," explains a scientific contributor to Popular Mechanics, "a falling body will drop sixteen and a fraction feet the first second and attain a velocity of about thirty-three feet at the start of the second, sixty-six feet at the start of the third, and so on as long as it continues to fall.

"Actually, a man of average weight—180 pounds, including equipment—will never attain a speed of more than 120 miles an hour, regardless of how far he drops before opening his parachute.

"The answer is that the theoretical law applies only to objects dropping in a vacuum, and in practical life the resistance of the air becomes so great as speed increases that there is a limiting velocity beyond which an object of given weight and size cannot pass."

Supplementing the parachute-leaping experiments of the aviators, it was determined to find out how fast a man might fall, or the point at which the air resistance became so great there could be no further acceleration of his falling body.

To measure the speed of a body, falling two or three thousand feet to earth in a few seconds, is a delicate operation. Engineers of the United States Army, however, have solved it by letting the falling body do the measuring itself in the following manner:

A dummy man, weighing 180 pounds, was rigged up with a parachute outfit to which was attached a magnesium flare. The dummy was then loaded into an airplane and sent aloft on a dark night.

A camera equipped with a shutter thet automatically opened and closed for an instant every second was placed on the ground and properly focused.

The pilot of the plane went up to the desired altitude, flew along above a line of markers on the field, touched off the flare of the dummy, hanging below the ship, and after a few seconds, released it.

As soon as the flare was lit, the camera began recording a line of light, broken at one-second intervals as the shutter was momentarily closed. A straight line of long dashes, which, because of the foreshortening of the perspective, appeared diagonally across the top of the plate, marked the flight of the dummy while still attached to the plane. As it was released it continued forward and downward in a curve, recorded as more dashes of light.

Next, two automobiles were placed across the field, turned toward the camera, and their lights turned on. The two headlights marked the line of the horizon, and when they connected and the line projected to one side until it met a line projected from the dashes made by the flare while the dummy was still attached to the plane, the horizons were established. From that point, it was simple to connect each of the black points between the one-second dashes with this distant horizon point and establish the distance the dummy fell in each second. A vertical line, figured according to the known height of the plane before the dummy was released, completed the measurements.

Japanese Wife Pleads Poison Simplifies Divorce

THE injustice of the divorce laws of Japan, which make it easy for a man to obtain a divorce with or without the consent of his wife but almost impossible for the wife to obtain one if it is refused by the husband, was given recently by Toyono Takeshita, twenty-two-year-old film actress of Kyoto, as the reason why she pushed her husband into a canal after giving him a sleeping powder. A passerby saved the man from drowning. Repeated pleadings with her husband for a divorce had been unavailing, so Toyono tried to solve her problem by going to Himeji, where her husband was employed, and enticing him to Kyoto. The police consider this as another of the "dangerous thoughts" which government authorities are striving to control.

Now's the Time

By EVELYN M. BOWERS

WHERE are you wandering, lady dear,
When your loved one's coming to you?
For I've got a song to help us along
Through the grey days and the blue.

So go no farther on, my dear,
Here is your journey's end,
And the man will halt who's worth his salt,
Where love lies round the bend.

You must take your love when you find it,
Don't trust to the future alone.
It's today's glad mirth that's filling the earth,
And tomorrow is all unknown.

You will never get rich by waiting,
And it's irksome to delay,
So when we meet, come kiss me, sweet,
Youth only lasts a day.

London Palmist Tells Fates of His Royal Clients

VELMA, the fashionable palmist, of London, who on occasion has been "commanded" to Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace and Marlborough House, who has studied the palms of England's royalty and statesmen and of many visting notables, including the former German Emperor and the late Czar of Russia, has just published a book containing brief impressionistic sketches of famous clients who sought his aid in jest or earnest.

Velma already, years before, had read the then Emperor William's hand at Windsor Castle when he had a second encounter with him in the Black Forest in 1908. After mutual recognition, the then "All Highest" informed the seer that years before a gypsy had told his ancestor, Frederick the Great, that greatness would be heaped upon greatness for his family for decades to come, until there would arise an emperor who would mount his horse on the wrong side and would bring about the ruin of his empire and himself.

The Emperor's palm is thus described by Velma:

"The hand possessed a hollow palm, which always shows loss of money, danger and failure of main enterprise, love of war, quarrelsomeness and obstinacy."

"So," said the Kaiser, "you give me a real bad character, but not enough to see in me a possible fulfilment of the old gypsy's prophecy?"

"With regret I have to answer, 'Thou art the man'," Velma replied.

The Kaiser laughed unpleasantly, and on the following day Velma received a visit from the chief of police, who informed him thet as an undesirable character he must go elsewhere.

Velma met the present Duchess of York at the Hatfield Elizabethan pageant. Laughingly she held out her hands for me to read. The line of life showed on both hands strong and clear. Great capacity for loyalty and affection was indicated, good sense, clear judgment and strong will power.

It was in 1904 that Velma was commanded to read the hand of Czar Nicholas. It was on the eve of the proclamation of the reform ukase, which was received with such disappointment by the Russian people, and after the assassination of General Bobrikoff and Minister von Plehve and the birth of the Czarewitch on August 12. The Baltic fleet, on its way to fight Japan, had fired upon the English fishboats in the North Sea. So Nicholas was found to be in a very nervous state. His imperial majesty, after allowing his hands to be examined, accompanied with murmured readings, suddenly demanded the "whole truth." Velma writes.

"Never shall I forget those hands. As I noted the curious complex character they revealed, I was profoundly thankful that I had permission to speak the truth, and I felt that there might be some good reasons why my predecessors had taken refuge in flattery—especially if they had to live under his authority."

Velma warned the Czar of misfortunes which would be precipated by bad advice. "Fate decreed for him a violent death."

"We can bear witness," the Czar said to an aide who was called to show the palmist out, "that he is a seer before he is a courtier."

In his book, which bears the title of "My Mysteries and My Story," Velma claims to have foretold the fate of Lord Carnarvon and to have warned him against risking the anger of the dead kings of Egypt, adding.

"When the body of Tut-ankh-amen was revealed a mark was found on his face. The mark left by the fatal mosquito bite on the face of Lord Carnarvon was in exactly the same position."

Good King Wenceslau's Memory Honored With Stamp

STAMP collectors may be interested to know that the Czechoslovak postoffice is issuing a series of new stamps in connection with the one-thousandth anniversary of the death of Good King Wenceslau (St. Valcav), which will be celebrated in May with an exhibition of the saint's relics. The new stamps will be issued in 50 heller and two and three-crown denominations. The Czechoslovak Social Democratic party in a meeting has decided not participate in the St. Valcav millennium festivities.

Husband (reading the latest about radiovision)—My word! This opens up some wonderful possibilities, dear.

Wife—Yes, my love! Won't it be nice for me to be able to sit here and watch you working in your office when you're kept there at night?

Hoover Guaranteed That Lady Wouldn't Be Torpedoed

WHEN Herbert Hoover left Stanford University he was penniless. Twenty years later he remarked: "I suppose it is good for some boys to make their way through colleges. Teaches them to buckle down. But in my case, I'm sure I'd have made myself a better all-round man if I hadn't lost so much time just making a living." As a practical miner he took a laborer's job in California, working with a shift of Cornishmen; and then, a gold rush in Western Australia and a lucrative post altered his destiny for ten years. "You'll need clothes," said a friend, and prevailed on him to acquire a "morning coat" affair of aggressive Scotch tweed. Two years later an express parcel from Australia came, with the tweed suit and a note: "Since you like this damn thing, take it. I haven't worn it yet!"

At Coolgardie, the young engineer was busy determining metallurgical methods, designing equipment, and planning the development of ten large mines, until the Chinese Department of Mines offered a larger inducement to him. He married and took his young wife to Pekin, traveled in the Chinese provinces, by horse, canal boat, Manchurian ponies, camping often at native inns, and narrowly escaping the Boxer Rising at Tientsin, during days of siege. His reputation had spread through the clannish mining business and prosperity awaited him on his return to San Francisco.

The war caught in its meshes two hundred thousand American tourists and brought Herbert Hoover into public life. As organizer, with headquarters in the Savoy Hotel, London, he had to see that thousands of American schoolgirls, attending Continental boarding-schools, arrived home safely. Some of the refugees were panic stricken. Hoover must reassure them. One elderly woman for whom he had arranged passage told him flatly that she would not embark unless he gave her his personal guarantee in writing that she would not be torpedoed on the Atlantic. After a moment's thought Hoover complied. "I knew," he chuckled afterwards, "that there wasn't one chance in ten thousand thet her ship would be harmed. If she came through all right, she'd say I kept my word. If she was sunk, she'd never have time to blame me!"

Bragg—What I say to my wife goes!
Blunt—Yes, all over the neighborhood.

Tribute to Merchant Navy by Prince of Wales

THE Prince of Wales, as Master of the Merchant Navy and Fishing Fleet, has written a foreword to the third and final volume of Sir Archibald Hurd's book, "The Merchant Navy," which is based on official documents and is published by John Murray. The Prince says:

"It has been my fortunate lot to be a world-wide traveler, and I have encountered the British liner and tramp, not only on every sea, but in many a port on both hemispheres. The sight of the Red Ensign has, in these later days, given me a thrill of a very special kind, for that familiar piece of bunting can never fail to recall the wonderful record of our merchant seamen throughout the struggle of four and a half years."

Pointing out that the volume raises the curtain on the climax of the drama of the War—the enemy's plunge into unrestricted submarine warfare on our merchant shipping, the Prince continues: "Thus was provided the final test of a heroism and endurance unparalleled in history, and how magnificently our seamen responded to the test is to be found chronicled in these pages. The participation of our seamen in the struggle began with the operations of the German raiders. There was nothing surprising or unprecedented in the destruction achieved by the Emden and other German cruisers and armed merchantmen in Eastern waters and elsewhere. Hostilities were conducted in harmony with principles laid down by international law, and, though many valuable ships were sunk, the toll was no greater than might have been expected, and not a single life of the captured crews was sacrificed. The British seamen recognized that nothing more was being asked of him than to accept the usual hazards of a naval conflict. It was a phase of the War, in short, in which the dictates of humanity were strictly regarded, and every reasonable consideration was shown to the passengers and crews of the vessels unlucky enough to be taken.

Tremendous Odds

"THIS phase, however, was short-lived. With the arrival on the scene of the submarine and the indiscriminate use of the mine the whole position for the merchant seaman was changed. He found himself faced by hazards and perils such as he had never before experienced, or, indeed, had ever conceived as possible. With the intensification of the enemy's campaign, the British sailor, a non-combatant following an ordinarily peaceful avocation, saw himself directly involved in the whole frightful mechanism of war, whose grim operation, as I have said, reached its climax in the phase of unrestricted submarine attack recorded in detail in this third volume of the history. Let us who are land-dwellers not mince words over this thing. It is the glory of our merchant navy, and will be so acclaimed by generations to come, that they faced without hesitation the tremendous odds and the frequent hazard of death, undaunted in spirit to the bitter end. Let us not forget, also, that had it been otherwise this country of ours must have perished.

"One highly characteristic phase of the work of our merchant navy, described in this volume, is that covering the activities of the Auxiliary Patrol. I imagine the Auxiliary Patrol was one of the most striking, as it certainly was one of the most successful, of the many pieces of wartime improvization which history will place to the credit of the British nation. It was born, as need hardly be recalled, out of those new conditions of submarine attack and indiscriminate mine raids to which I have referred, and it gradually evolved into a vast supplementary fleet. Here was, indeed, a medley of small vessels, trawlers fresh from our fishing grounds, drifters, whalers, paddle steamers so familiar to Channel excursionists, steam yachts so well known in the Solent, motor launches and motor boats. Their hazardous duties were as varied as their types. In their long hours of patrol they watched for and hunted German submarines; they searched for and dragged mines; they fought hostile aircraft, they controlled and examined millions of tons of shipping navigating the narrow seas, and in many other ways splendidly seconded the efforts of the Grand Fleet. Varied indeed these crafts were in type, but their crews were animated by one heart and one spirit.

Tradition of Centuries

"AS time went on this collection of ships was welded into a great disciplined service of 4,000 vessels, with its operations extending as far north as the White Sea, to the Mediterranean and Aegean in the south, and westward to the West Indies. The Auxiliary Patrol was, in its days of complete development, manned by nearly 50,000 officers and men. The figures representative of the full effect of the Merchant Service as a whole would make staggering totals. Therein it was carrying on, and even bettering, the tradition of centuries."

The Prince adds: "It has been said that two-thirds of the Elizabethan Fleet, which met so triumphantly the shock of the Spanish Armada, were merchant vessels, and that the proportions of the force with which Drake 'singed the King of Spain's beard' were much the same. The relations of the two great services have altered since those days, but the Great War has served to prove once more that the merchant navy is as essential today as ever it was to the operation of the Royal Navy and to the safeguarding of the life of the British Commonwealth of Nations."—The Times.

A forty-year-old bale of cotton was sold in a town in the upper part of South Carolina recently. It had been in storage on a farm for two-score years, and was brought out and disposed of to settle an estate. The staple was grown near Grove Station in 1889 on the farm of C. B. Tarrant, and since thet time has been in his possession. According to the buyers of the bale, it is still in good condision. During its "lifetime" the price of lint cotton has ranged all the way from 4 or 5 cents a pound up to 41 cents.

A Page For CHILDREN

A Dream of Springtime

BETTY was a dreamy child, with long, elfin tresses and black eyes, who had a love for the outdoor world. In Summer she would wander for hours in the large garden and shady woods adjoining her home and would come and tell her mother what the fairies and elves had said to her.

One warm sunny day, in the beginning of Spring, Betty joyfully skipped through the garden, now full of tiny green shoots, peeping up through the earth, and trees whose branches were covered with sleeping buds. To Betty, all trees looked like tall brown men, holding out their many arms, waiting to catch the leaves.

After chasing a stray rabbit and having asked the old gardener a great many questions, Betty began to feel tired and, as the sun grew hotter, she threw herself down wearily on an upturned wheelbarrow and rested her head against an old stump.

The garden was filled with sunlight and Betty thought how lovely it would be if only the flowers were all in bloom and butterflies were chasing each other to and fro, and she felt very drowsy as she closed her eyes.

From all around her Betty seemed to hear faint sounds of music and as she listened the music grew louder. She sat up and opened her eyes. "Oh-h-h! how pretty!" she cried in wonder, for she sat in the midst of thousands of flowers of every shade. The sun had never seemed so bright and the air was still full of the sweetest music, carolling of birds and humming of insects. Hundreds of brightly-hued butterflies were flitting about in the scented air, and flower fairies played "hide and seek" among the flowers.

Betty Finds a Baby

BETTY saw a stone-flagged path leading through the flowers, and she walked down this, stopping each minute to look at some new flower and speak to its own particular fairy. Suddenly she stopped, with a cry of delight, for there, lying kicking its pink feet, in a nest of roses, lay a cherub of a baby, the very kind of baby she had always wanted for a little brother. His chubby face was wreathed in smiles and one golden curl was on his head. He held out his dimpled arms to Betty and she picked him up. "You darling baby!" she said, "what is your name and where did you come from?"

"I am a Spring baby," he gurgled in his own language, "and I haven't got any name, but I'm waiting till the 'Mother of Spring' sends me down to an earth mother."

"Where is the 'Mother of Spring'?" Betty asked.

"We'll go and look for her!" said the Cherub.

Just as they were starting off, two little fairies flew up to them, carrying a wreath of roses, which they fastened round the baby's fat little waist. "Oh, I nearly forgot my coat," he cried. "I think I hear her now," he whispered. Betty heard a gentle voice, which seemed to come from somewhere above them. She looked up and saw a great white cloud floating lazily toward them and enveloped in its soft billows was a very lovely lady.

A Lovely Lady Appears

THE cloud began to descend and, as it neared the garden, the lady floated down from it, till she stood in front of Betty and the Baby. She was dressed in palest green and her hair shone like a halo of gold about her.

"I am the 'Mother of Spring' little earth-child," she said to Betty, "and this is the 'Land of Everlasting Spring'. I keep guard over all the tiny seeds and roots in the earth below during the cold Winter, and when Spring comes again I make them blossom into flower and fill the world with Beauty and Gladness. And now, Betty, if you will be a good child, you may tell me one thing that you wish for and I will grant it."

"Oh!" cried Betty at once, "please can I have this darling 'Spring Baby' for my own?"

"Well, Betty, your wish is hard for me to grant, but I will see what can be done, and now I must float down on my cloud to see how my daffodils and crocuses are coming up on the earth."

The Baby Brother

JUST as she spoke, the soft white cloud floated down and, taking Betty and the 'Spring Baby' into her soft arms, the 'Mother of Spring' lifted them into the cloud. Stepping in herself, she tucked them both up snugly in its billowy folds. Betty felt so tired and snug, she closed her eyes and felt herself floating away on the soft air.

When next Betty awoke, she was puzzled to find herself in her own white bed, with the sun streaming through the windows. "Come, dear," said Nurse, who stood beside the bed, "I have a surprise to show you," and, picking Betty up in her nightgown, she carried her out to the kitchen. There on the table stood a basket with a bundle in it. Betty peeped in, and there she saw the 'Spring Baby,' only now he was all wrapped up in shawls, so that only his little face showed, fast asleep. "Oh, Nurse," cried Betty, "the 'Mother of Spring' has granted me my wish, and given me a real Baby Brother."—E. M. Greaves.

A Children's Playground Needed

THE boys and girls of James Bay need a playground. Beacon Hill Park is too far away. Every day the streets are getting more and more unsafe, and before long children must be forbidden to play on either the pavement or sidewalks.

The parents and teachers are working together to get a suitable place for games. It is proposed, the papers tell us, to lend them a site on which a school will be built by-and-by. That is far better than nothing. But it would be still better to set aside a playing field that would belong to the children "for keeps."

Then everything that is done to it would belong to the boys and girls of today and to those who come after them. Children who play hard in the daytime are not likely to get into mischief at night.

But a playground cannot be made without money. Swings and ladders and the other things the little folks like are expensive. The land must be smooth and level for ball games for the older children. Even if the city fathers make the district a present of the grounds it will cost a good deal to put them in order. The Parent-Teacher Association has set this good movement on foot. Many parents in the district have not much money to spare, but some of the fathers and big brothers would, no doubt, give labor if they were asked.

It is to be hoped that the city fathers, the school trustees and generous citizens will help to make a suitable playground for James Bay children. They need it, if they are to grow to be good citizens.

The Cruel Trap

THE human race, if it is also a humane race, ought to have outgrown by this time the practice of grabbing helpless animals with horrible steel jaws and holding them in agony for many hours, until they die miserably. The steel trap is worse than the rack or the wheel with which the good old past tore our suffering ancestors limb from limb, for the suffering lasts longer.

Our people for the most part have progressed beyond the point of cruelly beating their horses or their oxen. Even in remote districts the magistrates punish cruelty to domestic animals. But the raccoon and the muskrat must still agonize in steel traps. The creature's sufferings are the last thing that the farm boy trapper or the professional seeker of skins thinks about. Up to a little while ago man was the cruelest of created beings. He is getting a better thought now, in most matters, and the sooner he realizes the horrors that the steel traps have brought the better it will be for the human soul.—Boston Transcript.

The Streets Are Dangerous for Small Children

EVERYONE knows that, and yet there are many fathers and mothers, big sisters and brothers who act as if there were no such things as street cars or motor cars or trucks, to say nothing of bicycles or motorcycles.

Men, and sometimes women, are fined or imprisoned when anyone is hurt because they drive too fast or carelessly. Many escape punishment because they are not noticed when they break the laws meant to protect people from danger.

But the grown-up people or older boys and girls who allow children under six years old to play on the streets are not punished. Every day little tots of two, three and four years old are allowed out alone. Often these little ones have kiddie cars or other wheeled playthings. They run across the streets or ride across. They are too young to fear danger from the automobiles and trucks, or even the street cars. Some of these little folk are wiser than others, and keep a good look-out. They do not cross the street when cars are in sight on either side.

But, far too often, the the children would be run over if the drivers did not keep out of their way or wait for the venturesome little people to reach a place of safety. When a child is hurt there is terrible sorrow, too dreadful to think of.

Victoria is not a crowded city. At most homes where children live there is room enough for them to play in their own yards. They should be made to stay there till someone old enough to be trusted can take them out. Where there is not room at home, little playgrounds should be set aside for them.

A good lady not long ago showed how this could be done where children live in the business part of the city. The site of the old First Presbyterian Church, at the corner of Blanshard and Pandora, has been cleared and leveled. It was nice to see the children playing there one evening lately. If the city fathers have a different use for this piece of ground, there are other lots near that might be saved for the little ones.

Nothing in Victoria is so precious as the lives or limbs of our little ones. By every means they should be safeguarded from danger. The day when the streets could be used for playgrounds has gone by.

We blame, and rightly, the careless, reckless drivers of the dangerous machines of our day. We do not think of praising the many to whom little children owe their lives or their limbs. Yet many of these busy people are not only tender-hearted, but watchful and skilful.

The man who turns the corner on two wheels eventually goes to the cemetery on four.

The Story of the Pied Piper

By M. GENEVIEVE SILVESTER

MAKE-A-BOOK—Save the twelve pictures that tell this story to make a book. Cut them out and paste them on white paper. You will then have a complete story. Cut a cover from stiff paper, and sew the pages of the book into it with a big, strong stitch.


8

"I am called the Pied Piper," said the queer looking man. "I have a secret charm. I can make all creatures follow me that creep, or swim, or fly, or run."

Then the Pied Piper told the mayor how he had rid other towns of bats and gnats. And he would rid this town of rats for a thousand pieces of gold called guilders.

9


10

"I will give you fifty thousand guilders," said the mayor, "if you will rid this town of rats."

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while.

Then the Pied Piper put his pipe to his lips and blew three shrill notes and there was heard a great noise.

11

The Foxy Squirrel

SNEAKY Fox was very, very hungry, but he was more angry than hungry. For days, even weeks, he had been trying to tempt Long-Tail Squirrel from his home, which was in a hollow branch of an old cedar tree, but, strange to say, the squirrel seemed more foxy than the fox himself.

One bright June morning, as Long-Tail sat nibbling an acorn in the doorway of his home, he saw Sneaky stealing toward the woods. The bad old fox, noticing that he had been seen, looked up, and in a cheerful voice said:

"Hello, Long-Tail. How are you this morning?"

"Very well, indeed," replied the squirrel.

"What a beautiful tail you have," commented the fox. "How did you grow such a lovely tail?"

Now, Long-Tail knew this was just a bit of flattery, for his tail was not nearly as large or as beautiful as Sneaky's. "I get my beautiful tail from eating nuts," replied the squirrel. "While you get yours from eating poor little squirrels and birds——"

"What rubbish!" interrupted Foxy. "I have never eaten a squirrel in my life. The trouble with you, Long-Tail, is that you do not know me. Come down from your high home up there and I will show you my beautiful den on the other side of the forest."

"No," replied the squirrel. "I am very busy collecting nuts to feed my wife and children on, all Winter long. But you come up here and visit us, Mr Fox. We would be delighted to have you."

Foxy, knowing he could not climb the tree, thought a long time. Then he said, "Thank you, Long-Tail, but Mr Bear is coming to my house to tea today, so I must go home. But won't you and Mrs. Long-Tail come to tea, too, some day?"

"Thank you!" said Long-Tail. "We will come."

"Oh! What day?" cried Foxy joyously.

The squirrel paused a minute and then said, "On June 31. That is the only day we are not busy."

"How nice," said Foxy, all the time thinking what a wonderful dinner he was going to have. For, of course, he was not going to give the Long-Tails tea. Instead, when he got them safely in his den he would lock the door and eat them up.

"I have just two days to prepare for your coming, so I will have to work hard and get a lot of nice things for our tea," called Sneaky as he scampered away through the woods.

The next night the fox went to bed early. He was very happy, for it was now June 30, and tomorrow Mr. and Mrs. Long-Tail were coming to tea. He slept well that night, and awoke early next morning very much excited for at last the thing he wanted most was coming true. Smacking his lips, he set the tea table, but only for one. Then he sat down to await their coming. Four o'clock came. Five o'clock! Long-Tail was late. Presently it began to get dark, and Foxy knew that the squirrel had deceived him. He bounded out of his den and rushed through the woods to the squirrel's home.

"You are not a squirrel of your word, Long-Tail!" he growled angrily. "You are not fit to live in these woods among decent animals!"

Long-Tail chuckled and said, "I had intended to keep my word, but when I looked at the calendar I saw there was no June 31, so I couldn't come. Good-night, Sneaky!"—Grace Curran Campbell.

Wild Flowers

Summer breezes blowing
O'er fields of blue and purple,
Peacocks and niggertoes
Are dancing in a circle.

Buttercups and Daisies

The buttercups and daisies
Were growing in a ring.
They asked a little fairy
If she would come and sing.

The fairy very kindly
Said, "Yes, I'll come and play."
The buttercups and daisies
Were happy all that day.
—Dorothy Cook (age 10½)

Possibly Mexico would enjoy more peace if it had fewer Generals.

Two Stories of Walter Scott

HOW many boys and girls in these days read the poems and novels of Sir Walter Scott? It is to be hoped that "Ivanhoe," "Guy Mannering," "The Fortunes of Nigel," "Rob Roy" and some of the others still have a place on your bookshelves. They are worth many of the stories written in these days.

It is nearly a hundred years since, worn out with labor, the great-hearted "Wizard of the North" fell asleep by the banks of the Tweed on September 21, 1832, but his memory is still green.

Two stories about him have come our way this last week, and we think the children will like to hear them. The first is about

A Sick Baby

LITTLE Walter, whose home was in Edinburgh, was a beautiful blue-eyed baby, toddling about with his brothers and sisters, when, at eighteen months, he was taken suddenly ill. It is now believed that he had infantile paralysis, but in those days no one knew what ailed the child. The fever left him and he woke up apparently well but when his nurse tried to put him on his feet it was seen that his leg was paralyzed. He could not move it. It is easy to imagine the trouble of the family and how everyone coaxed the little fellow to try to stand. It was all in vain, and Walter grew pale and puny. Then his grandfather Scott came in from his home of Sandyknowe, in Roxburghshire, and urged the mother and father to give him the bairn. Good food and fresh air would help, he hoped. So the nurse got Wattie ready and away they went.

A Queer Cure

EVERYBODY was kind to the little fellow, and as he rolled on the grass in the sunshine, the color came back to his cheeks and he grew plump, but he could not walk, nor even crawl. The doctors could not help. Many of the old wives' remedies were tried but the child lay still.

There was a sure cure, some of the shepherds said. "Wrap the child in the skin of a lamb that has just been killed." This was done, not once but many times. Walter had a marvelous memory and, baby as he was, he never forgot those days. This is what he said about the sheepskin wrapper and the kind old folks:

"In this Tartar-like habiliment I well remember lying on the floor of the little parlor in the farmhouse, while my grandfather, a venerable old man with white hair, used every excitement to make me try to crawl.

"I also remember the late Sir George MacDougal, in his old-fashioned military habit, with a small cocked hat, deeply laced, an embroidered scarlet waistcoat, with milk-white locks tied in military fashion, kneeling on the ground before me and dragging his watch along the carpet to induce me to follow it."

Walter learned to walk again, and by constant exercise became a very strong, though always lame, man.

The Story Teller

AT his grandfather's home the little boy heard all sorts of stories about the wonderful things that were done in old times, and the people that lived then. When he went back to Edinburgh at eleven years of age, he told these tales to the schoolboys, and many a time they listened to him when the masters thought they should have been studying their lessons. When he was about fifteen, everyone was talking about the songs and poems of Robert Burns, the Ayrshire ploughman. Many a laugh the boys had over the story of "Tam o' Shanter." "Scots Wha Hae" stirred the blood of the lads, and already Scott could feel the sweetness in "Highland Mary" and many another song.

Sees Robert Burns

YOUNG Scott was wild to see the man who had written such wonderful things. At last the chance came. Burns was at dinner with Professor Ferguson, a friend of his father, and Walter and a boy friend were allowed to come in afterwards.

When the lads went in shyly among the company, Burns stood looking at a picture. It was a very sad one. A soldier lay dead in the snow. Beside him was his dog and his wife with her babe in her arms stood weeping near. Underneath the picture were these lines:

"Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's Plain,
Perhaps the parent wept her soldier slain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years
The child of misery baptized in tears."

Burns read the verse in a low, sad voice. He then turned to the company and asked who wrote the lines. None of them knew. Walter whispered to the hostess that he remembered. The author was Langhorne, and the lines were taken from a half-forgotten poem called "Justice of the Peace."

As Walter spoke, the poet, a big man, dressed as a farmer, looked up and smiled. He laid his hand on the boy's head and said, "Thank you, laddie." That was all, but Walter Scott never forgot his touch nor the look of the most wonderful eyes in any human face.

Fortunate Children

OLD folks who attended the Musical Festival could scarcely help pitying the children they were long ago. What a world of enjoyment they missed, not only in their childhood, but ever since. Some of them could sing, to be sure, for the love of music is natural to most of us. But their voices were not trained as are those of all the children in our schools.

It is easy to see how happy the little singers are. Older pupils, too, delight in the harmony their voices make. It must be easier for those who in future years will train voices for choir or concert room to teach young people who have learned from childhood sweet songs.

Girls and boys who know how to sing have always a source of delight to themselves and a means of giving pleasure to others. It is a great pity when through distrust of their own powers, they cease to sing. It is not the prima donna or the great tenor that gives the greatest pleasure to the world, great as is the mission of those heaven-sent ministers of song.

The mother who sings her baby to sleep, or gathers her little ones round her to sing at eventide; the girl whose sweet voice is heard as she goes about lowly household tasks; youths and maidens whose voices blend in song or hymn around the piano; men and women, boys and girls, to take their parts with heart and voice in church services—all these scatter joy and gladness around them.

It is the purpose of the schools to fit their pupils for living and surely those children are fortunate into whose school lives music enters.

Uncle Ray's Own Corner

Citizens of the Ocean

Starfish

NATURE has made many curious creatures, but there are few which have a shape more odd than the starfish. It has no head or tail, no eyes or ears or nose. It is just a group of legs, or arms, around a central mouth and stomach!



A starfish, showing outline of "nervous system"

Most starfish have five arms, but some have four, others six or seven. The so-called sun starfish has thirteen or fourteen arms.

Starfish cannot see or hear or smell, but they certainly know how to feel. They have nerves which pass all around the arms.

Most creatures with nerves have a nerve-centre, or brain; but not so the starfish. There is no central place where it can do its thinking. It simply feels its way through life.

When the arms of a starfish touch the shell of a small oyster, they know what to do without being told. Arms are fastened to each shell, and then there is a steady pull.

The oyster does not want to open up, but by and by he can no longer stand the strain. The shells are pulled apart, and then the starfish eats its dinner.

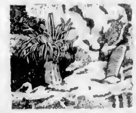
Sometimes when a starfish is rambling around the seashore, the waves roll a stone in such a way as to imprison one of the arms. Then the animal pulls until the arm breaks off. This does not cause too much damage, however, for a new arm will grow out.

Cases are on record where a starfish has lost four out of five arms, all at once; but new arms have taken the place of the old ones.

Sea Anemones

THERE are flowers without petals which are known as "anemones" (a-nem-o-nees). They grow on the land; but the ocean has a citizen with almost the same name. It is called the sea anemone.

The sea anemone was given its name because those who saw it at an early time thought it looked like the land flower.



Two anemones—one open, the other closed

The main part of the animal is a sort of cylinder, which is fixed to the ocean bottom—often on a rock or other solid object. Some of them fix themselves to the shells of hermit crabs.

At the top of the cylinder is the mouth, and from around it long "arms" or feelers stretch out. As you may guess, the feelers are looking for a dinner. They are able to give stings, and to draw in small creatures which swim in the ocean water. Strange as it may seem, the flower-like animal is able to swallow and digest the bodies of little fish.

Sea anemones have bright colors, sometimes brown or gold. Since they cannot move (after they have passed the baby stage) you would think that other ocean animals would easily see them and gobble them up.

It is true that they can be seen, but seldom, if ever, does one of them meet with attack. The chief reason is that they are too tough to make good eating. An added protection is the sting which they can give with their nettle cells.

A Teething Ring for Fido

By C. BERNARD PETERSON

HOW the children love a puppy! And what a nuisance one can be! Puppy habits are very trying, but perhaps the most trying of all is the habit of chewing things. Especially shoes. Puppy's taste is universal in this matter, and all he requires is that the object be of leather or other solid but yielding material.

This chewing habit may be expensive, as more than one owner has learned, and sometimes people weary of it before the puppy outgrows it. That's what happened to a doctor. But he didn't give his pup away. He trained it.

"It's just teething," he said to his wife when his dog had chewed to pieces his best pair of shoes. Then he hung an old shoe behind the kitchen door, showed the dog where it was, and gave him to understand that that shoe, and that only, was for him. The dog learned in a surprisingly short time, and whenever he felt a chewing mood come on, would worry the shoe until he felt better. From that time on shoes were safe in the doctor's home.—Our Dumb Animals.

At one of our beaches last Summer a lady made her young dog happy and harmless by giving him an old moccasin to play with. Every morning he spent a while racing about with the slipper in his mouth, or standing and worrying it as if it were a rat.

Both friends and books should be few, and well chosen.

Suburb and Country

Agriculture is a first principle: on it rests the life and happiness of mankind.—Julian A. Dimock

Care of Poultry on the Farm

By R. C. GIBSON

WHY is it that on so many poultry holdings where ducks and geese are kept, as well as ordinary fowls, the waterfowl do not come in for half so much attention, as regards mating matters, as do their more fortunate "cousins"?

The influence of the parents upon the young is no less marked with this class of stock; in fact, the chances of "throwing" seems to be more pronounced among waterfowl—ducks particularly—than with other types of poultry. Well, anyway, the new way—the British system—will not countenance any such half measures, and so as follows, we are going to give you our ideas upon the subject.

First of all—ducks. The trapnesting of these chaps is nowhere near so common as with hens, and so the majority of us are confined to choosing our pen inmates by handling and observation only. Rather different rules apply, though, in handling ducks from those we lay down for hens. Briefly, the points that indicate good layer-breeders are as follow. The head should be tightly-feathered, thin and long, with a big, bright eye set high up, and a long, but not broad, bill. The whole of the head should have a wedge-like appearance and should be carried on a long, evenly-tapering neck. The body should be heart-shaped (remember how we told you to test for this in fowls? Thumbs on the back, fingers round the body) with plenty of room for egg-making indicated by a big, full, pliable abdomen and a broad, straight back. The legs to carry this ideal body should be thin, but not too thin, tightly feathered at the thighs and set well apart, providing ample room for the big "tummy" referred to above. The feathering, particularly around the abdomen, must be waxy and tight. Woolly, dry feathers almost invariably denote a poor layer.

Color of the Eggs

FOR some unknown reason white duck eggs always sell better than tinted ones, and so, if you are out for egg-selling—they are best for baking—you must endeavor only to breed from white egg producing parents. If you trapnest, of course, you will have no difficulty in picking out the right ones, otherwise you will have to rely solely on common sense and observation.

Finally, your potential parent ducks should be active, keen-foraging and full of confidence. The very nervous bird and its opposite, the sluggish, inactive one, are strongly to be decried. What you want are the fellows which are first round the trough when you go to feed, and which do not scurry off in a panic at your approach. While we do not advise you to cull out a good breeder simply because he or she is not perfectly true to type, we do want you to keep as near to breed standard as you possibly can. It really does not pay to keep stock the least bit inferior these days.

Numbers Per Pen

THE ideal way to mate ducks is to have one male and his attendant wives in each pen. This, however, is not always possible, and it is by no means uncommon for a flock of ducks, containing the right proportion of males and females, to be run all together in a large pen. From experience, though, we strongly advise you not to exceed twenty-five birds in one mated flock at the very maximum.

And now for the actual number of ducks you can give to each drake. For light breeds, such as Indian Runners and Coaley Fawns, run seven females to one male; for medium breeds, such as Kkaki Campbells and Magpies, mate six to one; for medium heavies, such as Cayuga, Orpingtons, Crested, Penguin and Abacot Ranger, from four to five, and the heavies, like Aylesbury, Pekin, Muscovy and Rover, three to one male.

Housing and Feeding

THE housing of duck pens need not be very elaborate. All they really need is some place clean and dry to sleep in. Long straw, shaken up every morning, is the best litter. They also want some quiet place to lay—they must be taught to lay there, too. If you have any doubt about this, the best plan is never to let them out before 10 o'clock in the morning. If they are going to lay, they will have finished by then.

The next and oft-disputed question is that of swimming water. We can state definitely that there is no need for swimming water for successful breeding. In fact, there is no need even for a bathing bath. But if an open trough can be fitted up so that the ducks can get to it, we believe their health will be better maintained.

To produce strong, healthy ducklings it is vitally necessary that we provide the parent birds with means of doing this. Breeding ducks must be fed to produce good quality eggs and plenty of them. If the birds are on free range, give them a small feed of grain in the morning, make them forage all day and top with a big feed of mash at night. The mash we advise is—five parts (by weight) of middlings, two and a half of maize meal, one and a half each of broad bran, ground oats and fish meal, to be fed crumbly moist. Give the grain either in a shallow trough of water or else scattered about in good, untrodden grass. Be sure also that they have always a supply of clean water and shell grit.

Getting Better Goslings

GEESE are hardy, no-trouble things, we admit. But that does not excuse us from mating them up properly, for good results depend a great deal on this. If you are making a good strain either of big table birds or show stuff, then we advise breeding from birds over a year old, but for ordinary purposes, merely for table especially, one has perforce to breed from young birds.

If possible, however, try to use birds that are approaching twelve months of age. You see, young geese lay earlier than older birds, February being the time for the former, and March and April for the latter. Geese can be used for breeding up to ten years, but we should limit it to five years. Mate your geese up at once because some are slow to mate and that may mean many early eggs being unfertile. The most fertile eggs are got by mating one gander with three geese. If your geese are of the so-called English type, i.e., cross between the Toulouse and Embden, then you can allow four with safety. Breeding geese should be of a well-built frame, deep bodied and long. It is very necessary to choose massive, strong, upstanding birds provided they are not coarse in the head. Your rapid-growing birds are the ones to select and, of course, perfect health and stamina must always be one of the first deciding factors. A grass range is best for these birds, and we like to have a house, say six by five by five feet to shut them in at night, although it is not absolutely necessary. Spread straw on the floor and encourage laying indoors by putting in a box and dummy eggs.

Breeding geese need mash feeding in order to insure a big supply of good eggs. The "new way" cheap-breeding goose mash is four parts (by weight) of middlings, one each of maize meal, barley, bran and meat and bone meal. Give a small feed of grain in morning, let them forage all day and then finish with a good feed of this mash. If you want the goose to sit, leave eggs in the nest, but if you take them away each morning (leaving a dummy in the nest) she will lay many more eggs.

Now is the time to advertise your day-old chicks and your day-old ducklings. This is always a profitable line with the poultryman.

Are you doing something in connection with the "dumping"—the overflowing. The season is close at hand. Forewarned is forearmed.

Tips for the Goatkeeper

THE more comfortably goats are now housed, and the better they are fed, the sooner will they moult. Even now many animals are beginning to shed their old coats, and directly milder weather becomes permanent, moulting will become a general business.

When once moulting starts it is, of course, all to the welfare of the animals and to the good of the milk yield if it be got through quickly. Treatment should be given towards this end. Moulting is usually first discernible about the head and neck, and directly the signs are detected the currycomb should be used daily. Grooming should be very thoroughly done with this every day, in order to get every loose hair away, for so long as loose hairs "hang" they retard the growth of the new coat. After such grooming, all hair removed should be collected and burned. At the same time, the grooming outfit should be cleaned properly. A well-fed goat moults more rapidly than an underfed one, but even the farmer may be helped by feeding directly towards that end. A capital mash for hastening the moult consists of: bran, 3 parts; ground oats, 1 part; maize meal, 1 part; linseed meal, 1 part. It should be given in about the same quantity as the usual concentrated ration, being increased if found necessary.

Many people suppose that when a goat is in kid it requires an extra amount of more nourishing food. This is not only unnecessary but harmful if carried too far. A goat in very high condition is far more likely to have a bad time at kidding than one which has been fed on ordinary lines and given as much exercise and fresh air as the weather permits. Many animals suffer needlessly and even die through overcoddling, though, of course, one must not go to the other extreme. Let the goat have as much hay as she likes and her usual amount of corn, oats, greenstuff and roots, and let there be a pail of clean water always in the stable. Let the goat have all the exercise you can till kidding time is close at hand and then give her plenty of clean bedding, some hay and fresh water, and leave her alone.

When the kids have arrived, give her a sloppy bran mash and more water if she has fouled or knocked over her first supply. Feed carefully for a day or two, but do not coddle. If the weather is warm and sunny, she and the kids will be all the better for an hour or two outdoors, but not, of course, if it is cold or wet. We are assuming that the kids are to be kept, but unless the owner wants more stock or has a certain sale for them, it is far better to kill them at birth. It is a great mistake to rear kids on the chance of selling them unless they are pedigree stock or from exceptionally good milkers. If the kids are taken away, milk the mother at once, as the udder will be very distended and uncomfortable. Some people advise milking at frequent intervals, only taking a small quantity at a time, as the kids would do, but it is better to begin at once milking twice a day only. The milk is not, of course, suitable for use for the first two or three days. Even if the kids are left it is generally advisable to draw off some of the milk, as they take very little for the first twenty-four hours.

Directly the goats can be pastured for the day is the time to tackle the spring cleaning of the goat house. Throw the doors and windows wide open and clear out everything portable—these to be cleaned out of doors. Then clean out racks and mangers thoroughly. Sweep down the whole of the interior of the house, cleaning out the awkward corners by means of a goose-wing or small brush. Now apply limewash freely—it is cheap and antiseptic—and then clean the windows and the floor. Dust the latter thinly with a good powder disinfectant and allow the interior to dry until it is time to bring the stock in for the night.

The Winter has been a trying one and there are odd goats that now need a little building up. First of all, see that the animal is kept thoroughly clean, dry and comfortable, and then make certain that her appetite is fully satisfied at every meal, feeding regularly and providing plenty of hay. Provide as much greenstuff as possible and see that it is fresh and clean. Make up any greenstuff deficiency with sound roots. Give a three weeks' course of mash, morning and night, of 2 parts broad bran, 1 part sharps, and 1 part molassine meal, providing rock salt in addition.

As the days are now rapidly lengthening, the day's routine may be so adjusted that the full advantage is taken of the extra daylight available, taking care, of course, to make any time changes gradually. Both feeding and milking may be now adjusted so that both can be done in daylight—morning and night—and the midday feed should be given as near midway between the two as possible. If you are at all short of greenstuff or roots, feed the hay first. The corn food may be given just before milking is started.

When buying a goat, bear in mind that a pedigree animal is not necessarily a purebred one, for beginners are apt to confuse the two. A pedigree is simply a record of the ancestors of the particular goat, and these ancestors may themselves be of mixed ancestry. If you want animals of pure breed, the pedigree should contain names of animals of pure blood of the one particular breed required only. The bulk of pedigree goats in this country are more or less purebred. This was no so a few years ago, yet crossbred animals can be had. I have no desire to create a discussion on this subject.

Should dry or mash trough food be fed to goats? Well, ordinarily we are in favor of dry food because it answers just as well and saves a lot of trouble in the preparing. Mash, however, is useful to feed now and then by way of change and for feeding over kidding, and to ailing animals. Also it can hardly be done without in the fattening-off of goats when a good finish is desired, and it is a most useful food for goats whose teeth are unsound. There are, too, odd goats who do not relish dry food, and mash should be fed to them until they can be got used to dry food.

Fading Bulb Problem

THE foliage of crocuses will continue to grow after the flowers are over, and if a further display of bloom from the same corms is desired next year, it must be allowed to remain to ripen and die off naturally. With hyacinths, daffodils, tulips, etc., also the same applies. The cutting or premature removal of the foliage weakens the bulbs. There is, of course, a problem here for the gardener who is concerned with the arrangement of a Summer display to follow that of Spring.

The solution lies in a reserve garden in an out-of-the-way situation to which the bulbs may be transplanted after flowering. Here they may be laid in quite close together until such time as the leaves have fulfilled their functions and ripened off. They may then be lifted, cleaned, and stored for replanting next Autumn.

"Yon says you was de only man ob de intire comp'ny what come out of de battle alibe? How come dat to happen, Mistah Johnsong?"

"Well, suh, Ah heerd dem bullets comin' right smart aroun' me, but Ah kep' cool, an' when de cannon balls landed alongside ob me Ah was still cool, you understan'; but when Ah foun' dey was a-sending de gas ober, Ah wasn't sure about de virtue ob mah rabbit's foot again dat new-fangled stuff, and Ah kindah looks aroun'. Dere Ah sees de gran' ole flag a-flyin', an'—well, suh, Ah just nacherly flew, too!"

We throw the cut flowers out when they wither and fade. Why not replace some of the growing plants which have not done so well outside?

If you admire your neighbor's flowers and wish to have some as good, make sure you prepare the beds as well as he.

Fertiliser of some kinds is like medicine. Given at regular intervals according to prescription, it will bring results. An overdose may kill.

An Institution Conducted on Modern Lines



PROVINCIAL MENTAL HOME, SAANICH

Saanich Public Institutions

PROVINCIAL MENTAL HOME, COLQUITZ

Article No. 27—By GEORGE M. WATT

THE Provincial Mental Hospital situate at Colquitz, Saanich, is one of the three institutions which come under the charge of the Provincial Secretary's Department, viz., Essondale, New Westminster and Saanich. The Mental Home at Colquitz was originally built for a provincial jail, but few prisoners were ever confined there, except, perhaps, during 1913-18, when quite a number were interned. It was then under the Attorney-General's Department. In 1919 the building came under the Provincial Secretary's Department and was used for the purpose of accommodating a surplus of patients from the institution at Essondale. Many enlargements and additions have been made to the home since then to provide for the increasing number of inmates until at the present time no less than 231 patients are cared for there.

Mental Home Building

A PLEASANTER situation for a mental hospital than that situate on Wilkinson Road, six miles from Victoria, would be difficult to find. It overlooks a magnificent stretch of wooded country with a fine growth of fir and spruce in some park and in others cultivated fields with dairy and poultry farms much in evidence. The home itself has an imposing appearance with a beautiful fountain almost facing the entrance, designed by the supervisor and built by the inmates. The grounds all around, some twenty-three acres in extent, have all been laid out to the best advantage, beautiful lawns, kept in the most perfect condition, and scattered here and there throughout the grounds flower beds filled with the choicest blooms that would make the hearts of most people green with envy. Garden seats are placed at different points where one can sit and enjoy the beautiful scenery. A tennis lawn, too, with a surface that would tempt the most skilled wielder of the racquet, where many games are played both by inmates and visitors to the home. A two-acre field is laid out in fruit trees which produce an abundant supply of luscious fruit of different kinds.

A great many improvements have been made at the institution and in beautifying the grounds, and there is now almost finished an imposing stone wall with fine entrance gates along the Wilkinson Road, which adds greatly to the general appearance of the grounds and building. These are all permanent improvements which have a life of a good many years.

Home Admirably Adapted

THROUGH the foresight of the Provincial Department the Saanich home is admirably adapted for the class of patients handled there, and this Province generally, with its up-to-date mental hospitals, is much better adapted than other Provinces, with its homes or hospitals for the criminally insane or insane criminals. Some of the older Provinces are only provided with a ward in their penitentiaries for the insane. Although the Saanich institution is the home for the criminally insane, it is also used for the benefit of patients and their friends who are living in close proximity to the hospital and here there are a number who are treated for their mutual benefit and can also avail themselves of frequent visits and thereby save the expense of the Mainland institutions.

The Saanich home is a branch of the Mainland hospitals and is conducted along colony lines, and although all are administered from one headquarters still there is a spirit of friendly competition between the different institutions.

Patients' Work and Recreation

WHERE the home is situate was at one time wild land, but is now all under cultivation, and with the exception of stock feed—hay and oats—grows sufficient fruit and vegetables for the upkeep of the institution. There is a herd of twelve or fourteen cows cared for by the patients, under supervision of a superior dairy hand, which supply a quality of milk greatly appreciated by the inmates. Chickens and rabbits too produce a sufficient supply of eggs and rabbit meat. These different departments of livestock are not only economical, but at the same time create a useful and healthy employment for the patients which is beneficial and greatly appreciated by them. A greenhouse built by the inmates provides all the bedding-out plants. The institution has also its own laundry, run by the patients who are overlooked by men of the staff in charge of the different departments. They have also their own tailor shop, where all the mending is attended to. A carpenters' shop is in full working order, and here a very large proportion of the institution's furniture is made. The value and appearance of the work done is testified to by the splendid desk and cabinets in the supervisor's office, all done by the patients themselves.

The patients' recreation is well looked after, there are tennis courts, bowling green and croquet lawns, which are all taken advantage of by the patients who all thoroughly enjoy the local visitors who frequently take part in the games. There are also two large recreation courts for those whose condition will not permit them to roam about the grounds of their own free will—handball and other games. Billiards and cards, too, for wet days and evenings, and when weather does not permit of outdoor exercise.

A fine twenty-one piece orchestra greatly adds to the pleasure of the patients. It is composed of a number of the patients and some of the members of the staff, augmented by a few good friends from Victoria. Monthly concerts are given in the institution and are greatly appreciated. Picture shows are held fortnightly, when films are screened by up-to-date machines. The home is on a reliable film circuit and is thus able to screen the same pictures as are seen in the city.

Inmates Well Looked After

THE dining-hall, with a seating capacity for one hundred, is a large, spacious, airy room with tiled floor, tables all neatly arranged, white tablecloths, and while the visitor was there, supper was set ready for the inmates to sit down to, consisting of savory soup, platefuls of bread and butter with tea, etc. This meal varies, with stewed prunes, apples, etc. Another dining-hall was visited where fifty of the inmates of the convalescent ward were all sitting at the tables, evidently enjoying a hearty meal. Nearby was the kitchen, where the cooks were all busy preparing supper, a little further on a cold storage room with refrigerator, containing a plentiful supply of beef and mutton. The bedrooms, containing fifty beds, iron cots with mattresses and bedclothes scrupulously clean, deliciously cool bathrooms too, tiled floors and walls, with spray bathe and every other convenience. There are dormitories with ten beds where better class patients can be handled, and hospital wards where sick patients can be under observation all the time. Every precaution is taken in case of accidents, fire escapes being conveniently placed at different parts of the building.

Officers and Staff

GEORGE HALL, M.D., O.M., is the visiting physician; Granby Farrant, supervisor, and Harry Hoult, chief attendant. These, with a competent staff under them, insures that nothing is left undone to maintain the patients in a healthy condition. The inmates are all well looked after and well cared for, the efficient members of the staff seem always on the alert for something to the betterment of the work in which they are engaged. The fine spirit which actuates those taking part in this work is not merely from a lucrative point of view, but rather that they may be more helpful to their fellow men.

The quiet and businesslike way in which they all go about their work would certainly commend them in other walks of life. It may be truly said, in speaking of mental hospitals generally, that the Provincial Government of British Columbia have, in the mentals hospitals maintained at Essondale, New Westminster and Saanich, something to be proud of, for these institutions are certainly equal, if not superior, to any similar homes in Canada or the United States.

An Ancient Goose

ILLUSTRATIVE of the steady progress in tracing natural history through fossils the University of California has published a detailed report of discoveries of a goose, a California tapir, and a hedgehog dating to a period of 5,000,000 years ago. The goose, represented by a shoulder and wingbone, and the hedgehog, represented by a tooth, were found in Fish Lake Valley, Nevada. The tapir is represented by a tooth found near Santa Maria, California. The fragments of the hedgehog form the third known occurrence of their kind in North America, it is declared, and are of a family now confined to Africa, Europe and Asia.

Garden Week by Week

By NORMAN W. F. RANT, F.R.H.S.

THE best landscape effects are generally to be had by judicious use of both evergreen and deciduous trees and shrubs, in various combinations. Solid forest plantings of either evergreen or hardwood deciduous trees, however, are often desirable in special situations.

One should be particularly warned against the solid evergreen "base plantings" around dwellings, so frequently seen of late, and especially where large-growing conifers are used. The somewhat pleasing effect of the first few seasons is dearly paid for when the taller-growing trees become thin, leggy and worthless, and everything must be ripped up and the whole thing replanted.

Evergreens, like all plants, must have room to develop, and no planting should be made without a knowledge and consideration of the eventual sizes and habits of the material used.

Useful Trees

AMONG the finest of trees for small gardens are the Asiatic cherries, plums and crabs. All three of these may be had in a number of attractive varieties. They are handsome at all times and are simply glorious when in bloom. They never get too large and may be pruned to suit circumstances. They are not subject to insect pests to any extent and are really everybody's trees and should be grown much more than they are.

One hears so much of the trouble that lawns give their owners, and in this country, of lawn weeds, there is a good deal in it. A lawn often exists on soil which, if forked over, would be excellent for shrubs, and after all, it is more pleasant to stroll around a shrubbery garden than to walk backwards and forwards over a bit of indifferent turf.

Value of Shrubbery

ONE of the great charms of a shrubbery garden is the change of scenery one enjoys. Little paths through shrubbery with bluebells and primroses and violets, white and yellow broom, rhododendrons and lilies, and the hundred and one things that grow in semi-shade, may be enjoyed.

This does not require a lot of room. Indeed, not more than many a dahlia enthusiast gives to squares of plants all much of a height and breadth, or over which a sweet pea crank will contentedly make row after row.

Of the artistic use of the sweet pea a whole book might be written. In fact, one might suggest that a glade of sweet peas might lead from one shrubbery to another, and if the glade wound and twisted and almost doubled back on itself, and then went around a curve, it would be an improvement on a straight one. At another point a broad pillar of scarlet sweet peas—made of tall sticks leaned together and bound at the top—in the middle of a little grass plot, the grass surrounded by all white flowering and silver-foliaged shrubs, would be a most excellent feature.

Combining Plants

IS it not true that gardeners are born, not made? It may be, in the sense that some of the cleverest in growing plants do not know how to make the most bewitching displays of them. It is one art to sow and grow batches of annuals, but it is another art to combine the colors so that these same annuals will make a pleasing display in the garden.

Another thing about a shrubbery garden is the fact that once planted it takes a minimum of looking after. In fact, a shrubbery and annual garden is a combination which would appeal to the busy man.

As has been said, the shrubs, once planted, are there for good, and what spaces are left may well be devoted to annuals, either raised from seed or bought in the ordinary manner. Perhaps the easiest and best system, in respect to the annuals is to sow the hardy ones where they are to grow, being sure to thin them out in a thorough manner, and buying the half-hardy ones at planting time.

This combination of shrubs and annuals has another advantage. It makes it possible to vary the garden every year. One year one may feature sweet peas, another snapdragons, and still another asters, and so on. The possibilities are endless.

One might even go in for biennials such as Canterbury bells, foxgloves and Iceland poppies, and establish them in such a way that they would seed themselves year after year, but this might mean somewhat closer attention than the really busy man could devote to the garden.

Trees Add to Property's Value

TREES are not planted in the home grounds for financial reasons, perhaps, but the investment value of well-placed trees should not be underrated. They are so easily obtained; there is so much fun in planting them and nursing them in their early months when they need care and water. We enjoy working with them, and we enjoy the beauty which they add to the home grounds.

As the tree grows this beauty increases. If it has been chosen with care and placed with careful consideration both of its usefulness for shade and storm protection, and its picturesque value in the landscape, we soon recognize that besides being beautiful in itself it adds beauty to its surroundings. In one place it may frame the house picture; in another provide background for the home. It may accent a garden view or extend a sheltering canopy above a terrace.

Why not get a few houses where the birds can nest? A bath for the birds will give even more pleasure to you than to them.